

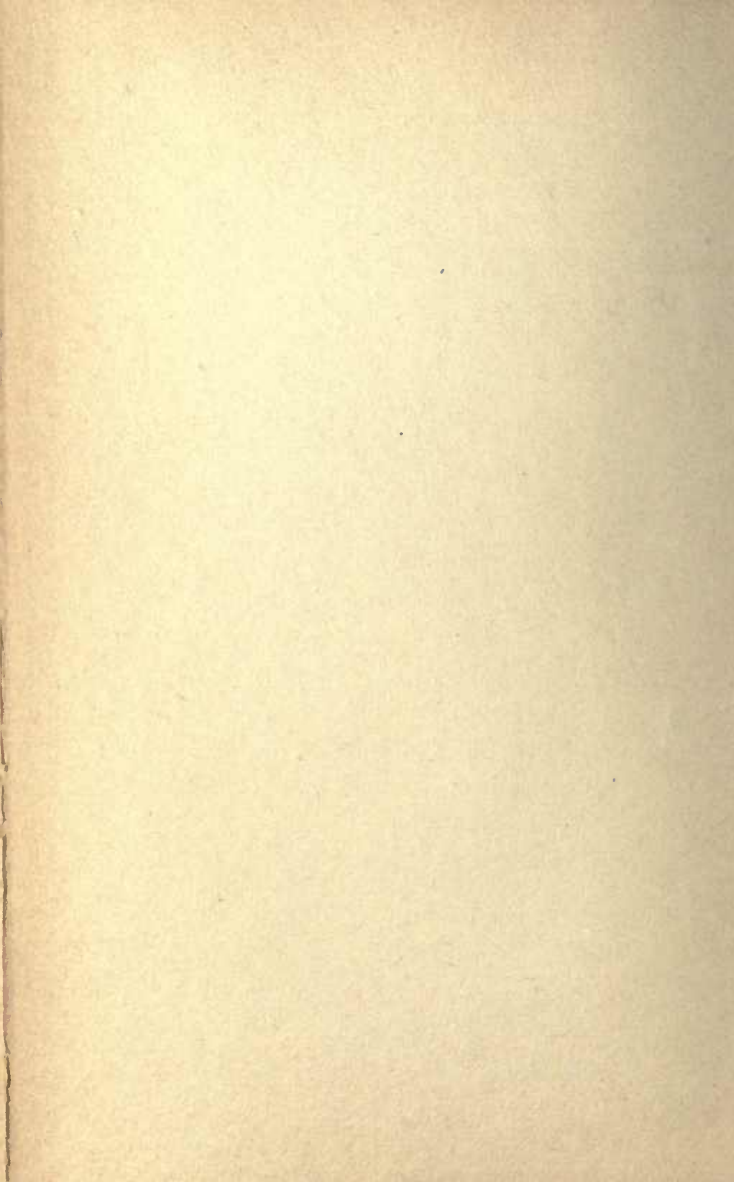
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OLD TIME PARIS





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A PLAIN GUIDE TO
ITS CHIEF SURVIVALS

BY

GEORGE F. EDWARDS, M.D.

WITH SEVENTEEN ILLUSTRATIONS

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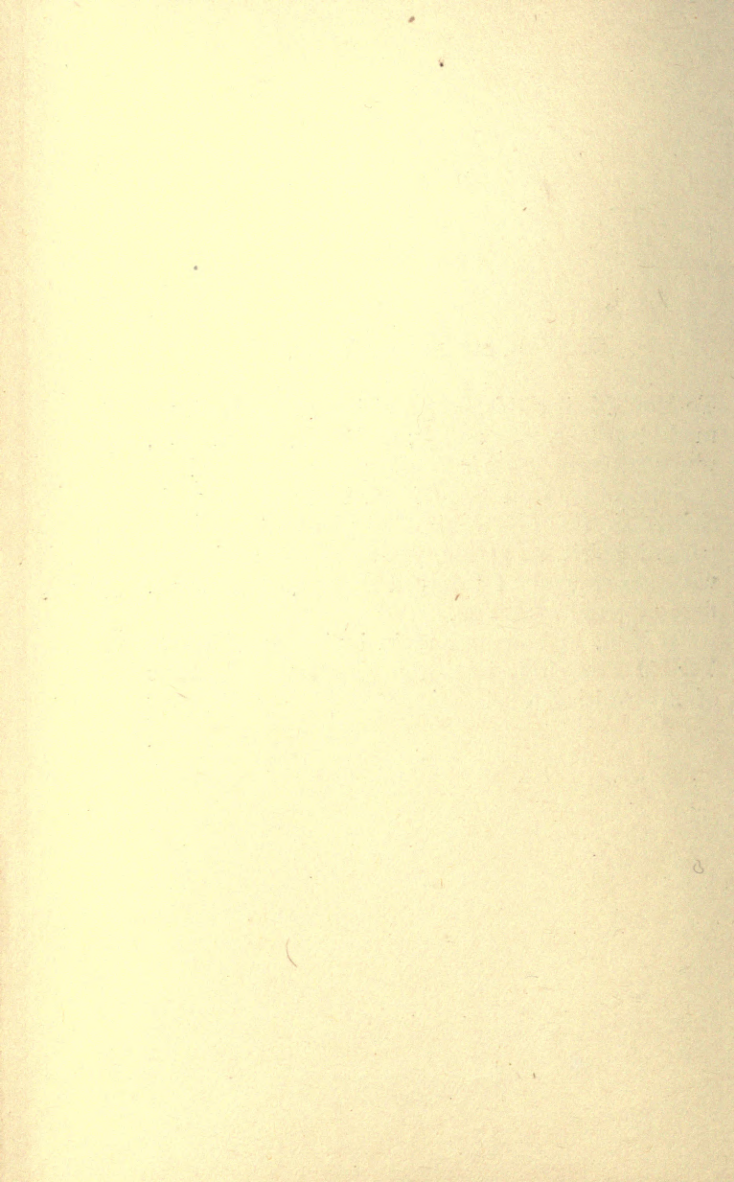
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TO YOU, MY BONNY WIFE,

To You I bring this first revision of the book we made together, you and I; and that, dear Heart, was seventeen years ago—do you remember?

Your dear, frail body is at rest; it sleeps in shelter of the Cotswold Hills you loved. Your patient Spirit, so gentle, yet so brave, again was with me as again I tramped those Paris byways, first explored with You.

To You, in honour and in loving worship—to YOU I bring this last—the very last endeavour of my waiting-time.



CONTENTS

	PAGE
FOREWORD	I
FIRST DAY	II
SECOND DAY	35
THIRD DAY	53
FOURTH DAY	76
FIFTH DAY	99
SIXTH DAY	116
SOME DATES AND HISTORICAL LAND-MARKS .	137
INDEX	147

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
TOUR DE L'HORLOGE	17
SAINTE CHAPELLE	21
NOTRE DAME	25
PONT MARIE	33
TOUR ST. JACQUES	37
HÔTEL DE SENS	43
PLACE DES VOGES	47
HÔTEL SULLY	49
ANCIEN AMPHITHÉÂTRE DE MÉDECINE . .	58
ARÈNES DE LUTÈCE	61
ST. ETIENNE DU MONT	71
SAINT SULPICE	84
COUR DU DRAGON	86
ST. GERMAIN DES PRÈS	89
NO. 54, RUE VIEILLE DU TEMPLE . .	101
PORTE CLISSON	109
TOUR DE JEAN-SANS-PEUR	127

FOREWORD

“GOOD BYE ! We’ve had a very good time : but I *should* like to have seen something of the French Quarter !” The speaker was a lady leaving Paris for England : and at the moment was bidding farewell to a group of compatriots at the gare du Nord.

For a month she had lived at one of the hotels near the Opera : and had had her full share of the delightful existence carefully arranged for British and American visitors in the most charming Capital in the world.

This lady had driven in the Champs Elysées and the Bois, shopped in the rue de la Paix, breakfasted at the Café Riche, taken afternoon tea at the Ritz and dined sumptuously *chez* Paillard or Noël Peters.

A matinée at one of the theatres on the Boulevard had been followed by an evening at another, or at the Opera. Upon occasion her husband may have taken her to enjoy a delicious shudder at the Grand Guignol, or a piquant study of Gallic humour at the Palais Royal, followed by a “Maxim Supper” at midnight.

A cursory inspection of Notre-Dame, and a soul-satisfying gaze at the exterior of the Old Morgue had given her a definite impression of the island of the city. A quick trot round the chain

of little rooms at the Cluny whilst her cab waited at the door, would have been followed by a plunge into the crypt of the Pantheon, and a pilgrimage to Richelieu's tomb in the Sorbonne: thus the Latin Quarter would no longer be a mystery.

Odd intervals would be utilized by a run round the picture galleries, and chatty reunions with fellow-pilgrims at the Continental, the Bristol or the Grand.

Delightful! No one will deny it. To sneer at a holiday arranged on such generous lines in the one place in the world where it can be ensured, would be affectation of the grossest type, insular prejudice or downright envy. Our fellow-traveller had enjoyed it to the full: and she is to be heartily congratulated.

Yet, at the moment of parting from Paris—a sad moment in the lives of most of us who have learnt to know her and to love her—there came to our travelling acquaintance the pain of one deep regret: her last thought and the final words of her farewell carried a sense of one great thing left undone, one important experience unfelt—she had not seen the "*French Quarter*"!

Hundreds of thousands of English and American men and women could make that same confession as, after a week or a month lived in Lutetia, the express is hurrying them past the fortifications, out into the plains.

They have appreciatively drunk of the brimming cup of pleasure held to their lips with the alluring grace of French hospitality. Art, in its most perfect development, has appealed and not

in vain, to eye and ear—and palate. And yet—they have not seen the “French Quarter”!

“*The French Quarter*”—this expression is not altogether inexcusable: for in the big cosmopolitan area radiating from the Opera, the English tongue predominates in the street: whilst in almost every hotel, restaurant, and shop the Anglo Saxon will be better understood in his own language than if he ventures on the delicate intricacies of the vernacular.

And so it comes to pass that multitudes have been to Paris, and yet of the *real* Paris they know but little. By the real Paris I mean those parts of the Capital, outside the cosmopolitan area, where even now its history can be traced. And with *such* a history behind it!

Today, in the busy quarters thronged with a populace living the life of the twentieth century, there are landmarks unheeded of the people, by which we get glimpses of the Paris of nearly two thousand years ago! The Roman occupation is still abundantly manifested. Then comes, alas! the great gap of the Dark Ages, with but little tangible to testify to its reality. But from the beginning of the Middle Ages, about the end of the tenth century, that history is writ large in grey stone and red brick, telling the almost uninterrupted story of the *real* Paris through all her vivid, tense, extravagant, suffering, heroic life!

Paris, as compared with London, has hitherto been in no hurry to obliterate her ancient landmarks. Most of her magnificent new thorough-

fares and open spaces have been laid outside the boundaries of the mediaeval town. But a startling change has of late overtaken the imagination of her municipal rulers, who picture the Paris of the future as a complex geometrical figure made up of aggressively straight lines. Each line has its fellow, and together these two represent a means of getting expeditiously from one point to another! Each pair is relentlessly cutting its way through everything that lies in its chosen direction: and the merciless range of new six-storey buildings of iron and white stone on either side thrust back and conceal what yet remains of the picturesque dwellings and irregular ways of olden time.

And herein lies no condemnation of the ambition nor of the methods of the twentieth century City Fathers. What they are doing makes for the health of their vast city and the commercial advance of her industrious citizens. Those decaying habitations must of necessity go the way of all things of human construction. It is no part of the destiny of this wonderful Paris to halt on the way for the sake of providing a museum of history for the instruction and enjoyment of the rest of the world. Paris is no dead city of the plains. First in the field in Chivalry, in Religion, in Art, when the bright rays of Civilisation from over the Alpine heights broke through the tumbled clouds of the Dark Ages and flooded with warm light the fertile valleys of Europe in the West: so, in a younger day, does Paris, in her persistent youth and vigour, stand proudly in the front line

of human progress. The old Paris must inevitably disappear: and much of it before the century outgrows its infancy.

Regretfully it may be, nevertheless frankly, we accept the inevitable. Fortunately for the archæologist and the student of history, much still remains of that old-time Paris: and we may yet tread the stones of many an ancient way and read in the habitations which enclose them, the life-story of those giants of an earlier France, who *made* the history without which that of today would be the poorer.

The history of France until near the close of the eighteenth century is the history of her rulers: and since the time of Hugh Capet, the ancestor of her long line of kings, down to Louis-Philippe, the monarchs of France have, for the most part, ruled from Paris. The history of this great nation, as given to the world in monumental volumes by chroniclers from Gregory of Tours onwards, has familiarised its story: and more than half the historical romances on the shelves of our libraries today are based on incidents and episodes in the national life of this gifted people.

There must be many visitors to Paris nowadays, who, if the way were pointed out to them, would gladly spare a few hours to wander in some of those highways and byways where lived and loved and wrought and fought and died those men and women whose personalities have been made real to later generations in the pages of Froissart and Michelet, of Hugo and Dumas.

It may be objected, much of the ground is

already mentioned in a score of guide-books. True. But, owing to the too casual arrangement of the matter, as a subordinate part of a "complete" guide to Paris, too much time is taken up in finding one's way about. On the other hand, some exhaustive works by French writers, of the greatest value when time for the subject is not too restricted, would be of doubtful usefulness to a visitor with but a short time at his disposal.

In the following pages endeavour has been made to arrange an itinerary in so precise a manner, and in such detail, that a total stranger to Paris would have no difficulty, no hesitation, in following the various routes, even though he opened the book for the first time as he starts on his pilgrimage. I would suggest, however, that a few minutes given to a preliminary examination of the route, with the aid of a good plan of Paris, would be of advantage in familiarising him with the general position and conformation of the quarter to be explored. *No map, however, will be required during the walk*: the directions themselves are amply sufficient.

This little "road-book" is not a complete "guide to Paris." It makes no attempt to take the place of any general Paris guide that has ever been written. The classic "Baedeker" or one of its congeners, will still be as necessary a part of the outfit of a traveller making his first visit to Paris as ever it was. These pages do not deal with the everyday requirements of the visitor to a foreign Capital. They tell him nothing of railways, customs, money, porters, cabs, hotels,

pensions, theatres, restaurants and all the long list of subjects, which, abundantly necessary for him to know, are fully dealt with in a dozen excellent publications.

This little book is restricted to the subject of "how to find the surviving landmarks of bygone centuries." There are still so many, that to try to enumerate all would be to divorce the undertaking from its avowed object. That object is to make it easy for a visitor to Paris, with but a short time at his disposal, to gain a fairly comprehensive idea of *the most important* of those "landmarks."

The plan adopted will, it is hoped, be found acceptable by the majority. The most striking survivals have been selected: and the topography of the containing area carefully defined. This done, it was found, by repeated personal experiment, that it would be necessary to divide the whole into six parts. Each of the six divisions can be travelled on foot in about two and a half hours or less. Every step of each morning's route has been walked by the writer, and that many times over, in order to arrange the itinerary to the best advantage.

I would impress upon the reader what is already indicated, that this is merely a "road-book." The excursions are intended as mere road-excursions. Except in a few instances, where it has been specifically set down, *there is no time during these walks for visiting interiors: and interiors are not here described.* The book takes you by the hand, and in showing you the way about OLD

PARIS, points to places of historic interest and tells you shortly something about them. Many of these places are worthy of a second leisurely visit : and such should be pencil-marked in the book as you go along.

For many reasons Sunday is not a good day for these walks : and I advise its not being selected for such.

The best hour to begin is at such time that you can reach the morning's starting-place at 9.30. You will then finish at noon in time for luncheon. And every walk will bring you back at midday to the more familiar ground.

Do not tire yourself by a long walk from your hotel to reach the starting-place. Your method of arriving there will be dependent on the whereabouts of your lodging.

In some cases, the Metropolitan railway will serve : or a convenient omnibus may pass your hotel. A little extravagance in the matter is an economy : and if you are more than half a mile away, take a " taximètre " from the door of the hotel, and you will arrive fresh and ready for your two and a half hours afoot.

Many of the houses to which your attention will be drawn in these expeditions are fallen from their aforetime greatness ; and are now subdivided amongst many tenants. The one entrance to the courtyard is common to all : and the big door is generally open during the daytime. The characteristics of such houses are best studied from within the courtyard. The *concierge* usually occupies a convenient lodge near the gate, and inspects all

who pass the portal : but though the writer has entered scores of these *cours*, his doing so has never once been challenged. Of course, one is then on private property : but a tacit recognition of the fact will be ample passport.

In the exploration of these old streets, courts, and alleys ; in the identification of buildings with a past, and the understanding of their story, the writer gratefully acknowledges the help afforded him by various authors, French and English, who have dealt with the subject, in whole or in part, from widely differing points of view. More especially should be mentioned the remarkable work of Monsieur le Marquis de Rochemont, a monument of patient research. A list of works consulted is given below.

The deep obligation owing to many genial friends in Paris, whose kindly co-operation contributed so largely to the accuracy of detail in these notes, is here recorded with gratitude. To their sympathetic encouragement and help, the writer owes more than he can ever hope to repay.

Trudging, note-book in hand, my wife and I, along these highways and byways in fair weather and in foul, in Winter and in Summer, under the fair sky of a Paris May, and, perhaps best of all, when the lower Autumn Sun threw wide the gabled shadows on warm-lit Western walls ; so great a happiness was ours, so rich a store of memories laid by, that I am led to hope for all who walk those devious ways, that they too may feel their spell ; thus adding to the familiar fascination of the younger Paris the new charm of the Old.

LIST OF WORKS CONSULTED :

- " Guide Pratique à travers le Vieux Paris " by
M. le Marquis de Rochegude.
- " Paris " by Hilaire Belloc.
- " The Churches of Paris " by Mrs. Beale.
- " Paris sous Philippe-le-Bel " by H. Geraud.
- " Promenades dans Paris " by Georges Cain.
- " The Story of Paris " by Thomas Okey.
- " Historical Guide to Paris " by Grant Allen.
- " Histoire de France " by Michelet.
- " Chronologie de l'histoire de France " by Les
Frères Chrétiennes.
- " Paris de siècle en siècle " by Robida.

OLD TIME PARIS

FIRST DAY

THE island-city in the Seine, called by the Romans, "LUTETIA," we of to day know by a title which carries back the imagination to an epoch anterior to that of the Roman invader.

The PARISII, a small tribe of the ancient GAULS, were in possession of this island in the river, and had there erected their primitive dwellings—a stronghold and a home. This, then, was the city of the PARISII,—PARIS.

Begin your acquaintance with the real PARIS by knowing this island—L'ILE DE LA CITÉ—for by this appellation is it known to the modern Parisian—where for more than 2,000 years man has made his dwelling. Where, in the course of a national and civic history unparalleled for dramatic interest, has been laid the scene of a sequence of events, brilliant, impressive, illuminating, maddening, grotesque : stages in the development of a nation, through phases which have brought into play, with an intensity proportionate to the sensitiveness of its responsive fibre, aspirations and ambitions godlike in imagination ; a measure of devotion unexcelled in the world's history ; a spirit of revenge of implacable fierceness in the repression of wrong ; fanatic fervour

in disputes appertaining to religion ; a resonant tone in every chord of every passion that sways the human heart.

On this island was PARIS born : here, in its infancy, came Labienus, trusty lieutenant of the prototype of imperial Rome, to found a colony which was to endure five hundred years.

Here, when the Western empire had dragged to its close, came CLOVIS with his FRANKS.

In this island four hundred years later, EUDES defended its siege by the NORSEMEN.

Here, in 987, HUGH CAPET, progenitor of a line of kings enduring through nine centuries, fixed the royal residence ; and made PARIS for all time the Capital of FRANCE.

Here, in NOTRE DAME, was solemnized the coronation of the first NAPOLEON.

And here, in the twentieth century, is the HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE on the very plot of ground where its dispensation was first practised as a pastime of kings.

To the CITY first, then ; by way of the PONT NEUF.

Field of exploration :—The island of the city, and the island of Saint Louis.

Starting-place :—The “ PONT NEUF.”

Metropolitan station :—“ Louvre,” from which you walk past the great colonnade of the palace in the *rue du Louvre* towards the river. Then turn (L) on the quay : now you see the western point of the island and the bridge. Onwards ; and in two or three minutes we are there.

The PONT NEUF (New Bridge), actually the oldest now existing in Paris, is thrown athwart the bows of the boat-shaped island whose prow points down-stream.

HENRI III began this bridge in 1578: but it was not finished until 1603, when HENRY OF NAVARRE was king; whose statue on horseback is yonder on the tongue of land between the two sections of the bridge. The original statue was erected by his son, LOUIS XIII; and was destroyed at the REVOLUTION. The present one, placed here at the RESTORATION of the monarchy by LOUIS XVIII, was cast from the bronze of a figure of the Great Napoleon removed from the Vendome column in 1814; when, after his abdication at Fontainebleau, Bonaparte exchanged his empire for the sovereignty of the little island of Elba.

The bridge itself was remodelled in 1852, the year of the third Napoleon's accession. In the 17th and 18th centuries, those years of transition in the annals of Paris and of France, when revelry and starvation, magnificence and misery, court-intrigue and democratic awakening existed side by side; the PONT NEUF was a gossiping-place in vogue with squires and dames, and a favourite market for peripatetic adventurers, news-vendors, petty merchants and mountebanks. The semi-circular recesses which still exist were, in those days, occupied by shops and stalls for the sale of haberdashery and fancy-goods—prototypes of latterday *articles-de-Paris*.

In front of the statue was burnt the body of

the murdered CONCINI, an Italian, minister of LOUIS XIII. Here also, long before, had been burnt the living body of the last GRAND MASTER of the KNIGHTS-TEMPLAR, an Order abolished by command of the Pope in concert with the then king of France, PHILIPPE-LE-BEL (1314); that monarch, it is said, watching the flames from a balcony of the palace.

Stand a moment in the recess fourth from the North shore on the Western side of the bridge, and look downstream. The ever-increasing bulk of the trees on the quays and in the garden somewhat obstruct the view in Summer, but one can, nevertheless, make out certain landmarks. The great mass of the LOUVRE, nearly half a mile in length, on the North bank (R): a little nearer, the two towers of the church of ST. GERMAIN-L'AUXERROIS showing just above the house-tops; the nearer, square tower being the one from which the fateful bell rang out the signal for the beginning of human butchery on the night of SAINT BARTHOLOMEW, 24th August, 1572.

That iron foot-bridge, nearest down-stream, is the PONT-DES-ARTS, leading from the LOUVRE to the INSTITUT-DE-FRANCE, a domed building on the South bank.

You will notice beyond the Pont des Arts two other bridges, the PONT DU CARROUSEL, with its circular iron substructure; and in the distance, the stone PONT ROYAL, connecting the *rue des Tuileries* on the North with the *rue du Bac* on the other side of the river.

Seen to your (L) is the garden on the extreme

point of the island : that piece of land entirely, and much of that joining the two sections of the bridge, have been artificially made.

Turn and look up-stream. On the (R) the PALAIS DE JUSTICE with its pointed towers.

The stone bridge is the PONT AU CHANGE (Bridge of the money-changers) leading from the island to the PLACE DU CHATELET with its two monstrous ugly theatres. Above the roof of the nearer playhouse you can just see the summit of the beautiful TOUR ST. JACQUES, which we shall see more of later. Beyond the farther one (Sarah Bernhardt's Theatre) rises the cupola of the modern HÔTEL-DE-VILLE : and still beyond that the curved summit of the Renaissance façade of the church of ST. GERVAIS, with a small cross at its apex : and behind this again, the square tower of the same church.

Now take your stand with your back to the equestrian statue. Between two blocks of 17th century houses, unhappily threatened with demolition, the PLACE DAUPHINE confronts you ; the gilded vane of the spire of SAINT CHAPELLE piercing the skyline towards the right. In its narrow approach the once famous charlatan and popular satirist, TABARIN, in the flippant times of the thirteenth LOUIS, used to take his stand on a little trestled platform, and amuse the crowds with his poignant witticisms and broad satires.

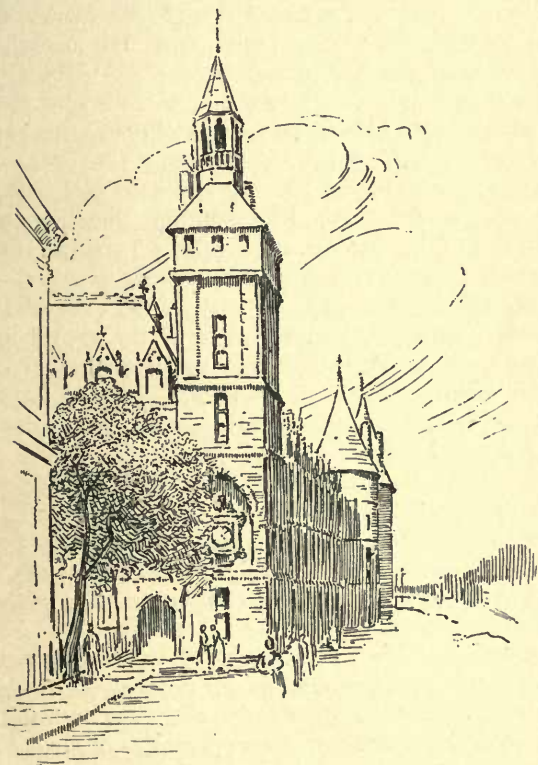
Cross the road and enter the triangular PLACE DAUPHINE, with its forest of little chestnuts, and you find yourself in early seventeenth century Paris, pretty much as good king Henry the Fourth

left it ; the houses on the right especially retaining something of the cachet of their period. Look at the defences of No. 15. Where these houses now stand was formerly the king's garden. Walk through the Place to the *rue de Harlay* : that building opposite is the Western façade of the PALAIS DE JUSTICE, a modern addition designed by Viollet-le-Duc in the middle of the last century, 1868.

Turn to your (L) on to the QUAI DE L'HORLOGE, (Clock-Tower quay). To your (L) as you face the river, is the PONT NEUF, its Northern and wider section, from which a few moments ago you took your general bearings.

Turn (R) and walk on the parapet side of the quay. As you approach the PONT AU CHANGE, the building on your (R) with the pointed towers is the notorious CONCIERGERIE, and is part and parcel of the PALAIS DE JUSTICE. In the fourteenth century, it was the residence of the *Concierge*, a high functionary of the King's *parlement*. The title has different meanings and associations today. In later times this *Conciergerie* became a prison : and so it remains. The entrance is at number one on the quay. (You may gain admission—as a visitor—on Thursdays, by ticket applied for by letter to “ Monsieur le Préfet de Police, Bureau des Prisons, rue de Lutèce, Ile de la Cité.”) It has some very fine Gothic work in the substructure ; whilst a pathetic interest attaches to certain parts of the prison in connection with the victims of the REVOLUTION : the cells occupied by the QUEEN, ROBESPIERRE and others. The visitor, it must be

remarked, is mercilessly hurried through: ten minutes being about the time allowed for each batch of pilgrims.



TOUR DE L'HORLOGE

Here the principal victims of the **TERROR** passed their last days before removal for execution.

Amongst these were the young widowed Queen, MARIE ANTOINETTE, "widow of Louis Capet" as she was officially styled in the accusation; MADAME ROLAND, wife of the then minister of the interior. It was she who, from the scaffold, pronounced the oft-quoted phrase "O Liberty! What crimes are committed in thy name!" Her husband killed himself on hearing of her execution. DANTON, again, the greatest among the Revolutionists, accused by his colleagues of a leaning towards moderation: ROBESPIERRE the Extremist: BAILLY, mayor of Paris: DESMOULINS, executed with Danton, also for being suspect of moderation. His wife, present at his execution, tried to arouse the sympathies of the crowd in favour of her husband: she too was thereupon arrested and perished in her turn. MALESHERBES, the counsel who defended the king at his trial: and more than 2000 others!

There is the PONT AU CHANGE (L) which you noticed from the Pont Neuf. Looking across it from here, you have a good view of the TOUR ST. JACQUES. The present bridge, dating from 1858, replaced others, the earliest of which existed in the twelfth century.

Leave the Pont au Change at your back and turn down the *Boulevard du Palais* past the clock-tower (TOUR DE L'HORLOGE) at the corner, built in—1298! It has not the appearance of such an age; but this is due to the Art with which it has been kept in repair without in any way altering its style and character. The clock is probably the oldest in France. The date of the inscription I

have not been able to discover. It runs as follows :—

QUI DEDIT ANTE DUAS
TRIPLICEM DABIT ILLE
CORONAM.

MACHINA QUAE BIS SEX
TAM JUSTE DIVIDIT HORAS
JUSTITIAM SERVARE MONET
LEGES QUE TUERI.

(The Tribunal de Commerce at the opposite corner does not concern us.)

Walking a few yards along, you will come to the great iron gates of the PALAIS DE JUSTICE opening into the COUR DE MAI, an open space getting its title from the Maypole planted here annually in olden time by the law-students.

Look at the inscription " Buffet-Restaurant " over the gateway to the (R). The refreshment-room within is for the use of those engaged in the law-courts. In the days of THE TERROR that was the only entrance to and exit from the Conciergerie prison : and in this *Cour de Mai* were stationed the tumbrils which received each its load of men and women for deportation to the place of execution.

The great steps lead up to the *Galerie Marchande*, a corridor which in turn conducts to the great *Salle des Pas Perdus*, and thence to the various courts. These courts are of course open to all : but a special tour of the building requires the guidance of an attendant (small fee). We have no time for this in our present excursion.

Where the Palais de Justice stands today was the residence of the Roman governor of Lutetia. In the eleventh century, King Robert the Pious built here his great Palace : which continued to be the residence of the French monarch down to the time of CHARLES VII (1422). This King transferred his court to the *Palais des Tournelles* which his father, CHARLES VI, had constructed near to the great Bastille of CHARLES V. Then this palace on the island became exclusively the Palace of Justice.

It has been added to from time to time : it has suffered several conflagrations ; and the style of its architecture has been modified by successive designers. But the delightful Chapel of LOUIS IX, and much of the substructure, of even earlier date, remain inviolate. What is more striking is that here and here only has stood the chief Court of Justice of Paris since the beginning of her civilisation.

On passing out of the great gates, turn (R). A little further on you come to a doorway guarded by a sentinel, who will offer no objection to your entrance : and within the courtyard on the (R) as you enter, you will see a wonderful example of early Gothic architecture—the *SAINTE CHAPELLE*.

Built in 1245 by the sainted King, LOUIS IX, as a domestic chapel for his palace, it was specially designed to receive the Crown of Thorns purchased by him from the Emperor of the East at Constantinople. (This relic is now preserved in the Sacristy of Notre Dame.)

The Sainte Chapelle must be visited : but there

is no time for it today, if we are to finish our projected exploration of the islands this morning.

When you *do* come, choose a bright, sunny day ; when a wondrous effect of colour is beheld : as Grant Allen says, " it glows like a jewel."



SAINTE CHAPELLE

On the day chosen, enter first the lower church : a few minutes will suffice there. Then climb the little spiral stairway in the corner to gain the upper chapel. Here just give yourself up leisurely to the charm of the place. You may or you may not take pleasure in identifying the particular subjects

in the decoration. You will find it all detailed in the various guide-books. The essential thing is to know and to feel that you are in the chapel of SAINT LOUIS; and to be thankful that amidst the wholesale havoc wrought in recurring revolutions, this gem has escaped destruction!

One other cause for congratulation is that the restorations have fallen into the hands of men endowed with an adequate spirit of reverence for its founder and his original work.

With a determination, then, to return to the SAINT CHAPELLE, we will pass out again into the boulevard by the same door in the courtyard.

On the opposite side of the road is the central station of the Paris fire-brigade and of the Paris Guard. At each gate a sentinel; one in the garb of the military police: the other, helmeted and in the uniform of the *Pompiers* (firemen).

Turn (R): walk on until you near the bridge (PONT ST. MICHEL): then, instead of crossing it, take the road (QUAI DU MARCHÉ NEUF) (L) until you arrive at the great open space (PLACE DU PARVIS NOTRE DAME) in front of the Cathedral.

Before crossing the Place, stand a while and take a first look at the West front of this world-known church.

NOTRE DAME was finished ten years before SAINTE CHAPELLE was begun. At once you will be struck with the contrast between the two styles. The chapel light, fragile looking, (especially from within): the Cathedral massive, sombre, stern in its simplicity and sense of restrained power.

Leave it for a moment and turn to the bridge

(R), PETIT PONT, which joins the island to the South Shore.

At this identical spot the Roman victors built a bridge in continuation of their great road from the South. Several of its successors have been destroyed: some by fire, others swept away by flood. That was in the days before the Seine was embanked. The present Petit Pont was erected in 1853.

A great thing happened here once upon a time more than a thousand years ago. It was at the famous siege of Paris by the NORSEMEN in 886. CHARLES THE FAT was then king. The wooden bridge of that time was valiantly defended by twelve men of Paris from a wooden tower erected for the purpose. These twelve men all died at their post. Their names are preserved, graven on a slab of marble. I saw that memorial in 1908; it was affixed to a building now demolished.

Corresponding with this bridge on the north side of the island is the *Pont Notre-Dame*; and together these two with the street between, unite the *Rue St. Martin* (north) and the *Rue St. Jacques* (south) forming the oldest road in Paris.

Return now to the open space in front of the Cathedral. Where NOTRE DAME now stands was once a Roman temple dedicated to Jupiter: the temple was built in the lifetime of Christ, whilst Tiberius was in Rome.

After Christianity had been established in France, churches became numerous in this small island. In a map of Paris representing its con-

dition under PHILIPPE LE BEL, there are shown nineteen.

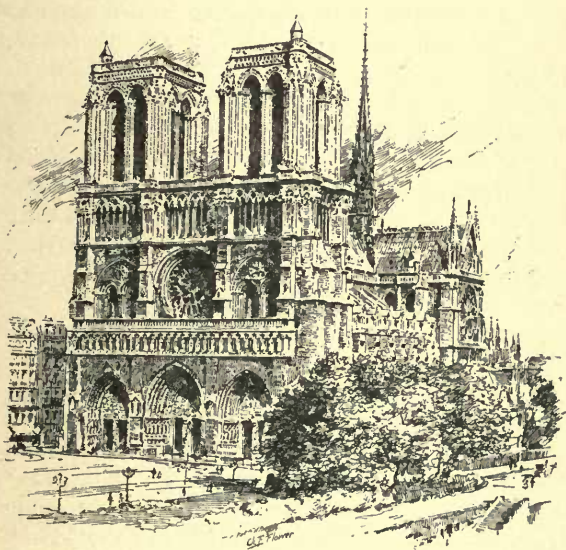
It was during the early part of the twelfth century that GOTHIC ART came upon PARIS. Very soon afterwards, in 1163, NOTRE DAME was begun. Two earlier churches, St. Stephen and St. Mary, had to be removed to make way for it. It was consecrated twenty years later: but was not finished until 1235.

NOTRE DAME is one of the earliest of the Gothic churches of France: as it is, of its kind, one of the most perfect. It exemplifies well two special features in which French churches, as a general rule, differ from those we have in England. The French show a greater height of nave: while in length the English churches have the advantage. Secondly, the great tower, which in England usually rises from the intersection of nave and transept, is here absent; or may be represented by a light spire. The dominating tower or towers (as here) are placed at either end of the Western façade. The greater height of general structure in French churches would engender instability in a massive tower rising from its central portion.

The modern surroundings of NOTRE DAME take away largely from its effect to the eye. For centuries after its building, all the houses in its neighbourhood were low, gabled dwellings, whose irregular, pointed roofs formed a modest setting running up much closer to the great church than do their successors. Thus, by contrast, was added majesty to the church of OUR LADY OF PARIS in

their midst. In recent years the ground in the PARVIS has been raised several feet: formerly, from a lower level, the church was approached by a flight of broad steps.

NOTRE DAME suffered terrible indignities and



NOTRE DAME

material injuries during the later days of the REVOLUTION. But through all the years, and through all the tempestuous history some shuddering years have witnessed, this sublime monument to the ART and DEVOTION of a Past, when Devotion and Art were One, yet stands erect, a

majestic chronicle of the Ages, the admiration of the world.

You will be sorely tempted at this moment to enter through that North portal, if only for a few moments. I again venture to warn you that there is no time for it in our morning's walk. It *must* be visited before you leave Paris: but an hour *at least* should be given to it. Let me, therefore, keep you steadily on your way.

That big modern building on the North side of the Parvis is the Hôtel Dieu, one of the principal general hospitals of Paris. The original Hotel Dieu stood in the garden where now you see the statue of CHARLEMAGNE. At that time, the hospital and its annexe were connected by a narrow, high bridge over the River. The annexe has been removed within the last few years.

(Facing the Cathedral, on the West side of the Place is the Prefecture of Police.)

Walk round now to the South side (R) of the church. Notice the lofty nave, and the apparent absence of a transept, the side chapels having been built out so far from the aisles as to obscure the cross portion of the edifice. Go along the quay outside the garden to the extremity of the island. Here stood that gruesome institution which held so strange a fascination over many visitors to Paris—the Morgue. It has quite recently been removed to the *Quai de la Rapée* near the Gare de Lyon.

Turn to the delightful East end of the Cathedral. Notice the light, airy flying buttresses, that someone has aptly compared to folded pinions. There

is a marked contrast here with the massive character of the Western façade. You will of course come here again : and now we must leave the Mother Church of Paris for the time being.

That square tower seen over the house-tops to the North, is part of the church of St. Gervais and St. Protais : the little bell at its summit is an odd thing.

The other important island (ÎLE ST. LOUIS) is on the other side of the little bridge (PONT ST. LOUIS) a few steps further on (R) : neglect it for the moment and turn with me down the RUE DU CLOITRE NOTRE DAME on the North side of the church. (This same North side of the building has much of interest in the way of stone carving, fully detailed in all the guide-books ; and may well come in for closer attention on the occasion of your special visit to the cathedral.)

The RUE DU CLOITRE NOTRE DAME was afore-time a veritable cloister, walled in : a town of itself, with gates enclosing the residences of the Canons. Most of the old houses have been pulled down.

Pass by the opening of the *rue Chanoinesse* and turn down the next street, RUE MASILLON, giving a glance at Number 8, a good example of an ordinary seventeenth century house. Do take a good look at it : those heavily barred windows ; even the letter-box under guard ; and the not unpleasing decoration of an upper storey. This short street brings you again to the RUE CHANOINESSE in the middle of its course. Turn (L).

At Number 18 (R), now a mercantile house,

I penetrated in 1907 to the TOUR DE DAGOBERT at the rear of the premises. It has been pulled down. Why this tower was associated with the name of Dagobert is not clear: seeing that it dated from the 15th century. Dagobert was one of the early Frankish kings, 628-638.

Passing No. 18, note here, and not only here, but, I beg to insist, in all your wanderings in the older parts of Paris, the still numerous houses of centuries past. Hundreds there are yet, with characteristic massive gateways and doors, constructed for veritable defence in troublous times. Through some of these portals you get glimpses of weird courtyards, built and arranged long before the coming of the sanitary inspector. See the courts of Nos. 22, 24, and especially No. 26.

Now we are nearing the end of our inspection of this island. Take the little RUE DE LA COLOMBE a few steps further on (R): and half way down look in the roadway opposite No. 6 for a special arrangement of the street paving. This marks the site of discovery, a few years ago, of a part of the foundation of the Roman wall of the city. That earliest Roman city was limited to this island, which was smaller in that day. Its later growth is due to the building up of its banks into broad quays: and to the inclusion of several smaller islets which were alongside it on the South and West. This wall, at the time of its building, would then not be so far from the water's edge.

Onwards give a glance (R) down the narrow RUE DES URSINS.

A few paces now bring you to the QUAI AUX

FLEURS. The bridge (L) is the PONT D'ARCOLE, leading to the Place de l'Hôtel-de-Ville. Turn (R), away from the bridge, and follow the quay round the curve, with the river on your (L).

After a couple of hundred yards you come to No. 9, a house built in the last century upon the site of another, where dwelt ABELARD and HELOISE in the twelfth century. Follow still the quay until you once more reach the PONT ST. LOUIS.

Now we have explored in as much detail as the general plan of our six days excursions allows, the topography of the ILE DE LA CITÉ. You will, I hope, find a couple of hours one day to come again to this island : for you will remember that Notre Dame and Sainte Chapelle have only been seen in passing ; and the Conciergerie too.

Now over the bridge on to the ILE ST. LOUIS. This island was not built upon until the 17th century (Louis XIII) : before that time it had been merely a timber-yard and general landing-place for heavy merchandise brought to Paris by the Seine boats.

Most of the houses (not those you see first at this end of the island) date from the 17th and 18th centuries : many of them of elaborate construction, as befitting residences of people of high social and official position. Today this island shares with the St. Germain quarter on the other bank the distinction of sheltering some of the survivors of that splendid aristocracy—in many instances reduced in worldly possessions—which characterised the reigns of the four Louis, ending with the Sixteenth of that name.

The visitor in sympathy with his quest will, on setting foot on the Ile St. Louis, be at once sensible of a change in the mental atmosphere—subtle and ill-defined, but unmistakable. Here the sounds of the work-a-day Paris are hushed: little movement is there to attract attention. One might apparently be treading the quiet streets of some small provincial town.

In the one long, narrow street, and the smaller byways which cross it at intervals, the ground floors of the houses are mainly tenanted by petty tradesmen dealing in the more ordinary necessities of life. There are green-grocers and bakers, pork butchers and oilmen: with, at intervals, the tiny domain of a working cobbler. An occasional curiosity shop is passed; whose greatest curiosity would be a customer: and of course the ubiquitous *café*, a melancholy variety of the genus, is not wanting. I do not remember having seen a policeman on the island.

Above the ground floor many of these once stately dwellings are subdivided into small *appartements*.

Let us first take that quiet QUAI D'ORLÉANS (a name evoking stirring times in French history) towards the (R): take note of those somnolent seventeenth century habitations on its land side. As you come near the river you get a good view of the apse of Notre Dame: and away over the water to the South looms up the great dome of the Pantheon.

Walk on until you reach the PONT DE LA TOURNELLE,—so called from the tower which, in earlier times was built to defend the bridge.

This tower no longer exists. Nor, truth to tell, does the bridge at this moment (February 1925) : it is undergoing reconstruction.

Whilst here glance down the *rue des Deux Ponts* : it stretches right across the island, and joins another bridge, PONT MARIE, over the other arm of the Seine.

The quay from this point takes the name QUAI DE BÉTHUNE (after the family name of the famous Duc de Sully) and the bordering houses preserve the character of dignified retirement. I beg you will not miss the three beautiful *bas reliefs* on the face of No. 28. In passing the end of the last cross-street, there is a nice old house to be seen built on an arch over it. The date of that house is, I believe, 1640. The next bridge, PONT SULLY, is a double one. Just in the same way that our old friend, the Pont Neuf unites the island of the city with both shores, so the PONT SULLY crosses both divisions of the Seine near the Eastern extremity of the ÎLE ST. LOUIS.

Take the broad BOULEVARD HENRI QUATRE (L) where it joins the two sections of the Pont Sully. There is a group of statuary here in memory of the sculptor, BARYE. From under the trees, there is visible a nice long stretch of the Seine, up-river. To your (R) the Wine port, with innumerable barrels full of the national drink (or empty, I don't know which) ranged on a wide extent of quay. At the back of this and beyond the small trees, is the wine market (*Halle aux vins*). Further up river the *Pont d'Austerlitz* leads on the (R) to the gateway of the *Jardin des Plantes*.

Follow the quay (L) to the Northern half of the Pont Sully. Don't cross the bridge: leave it on your (R). But from the middle of the roadway, see half a mile away down the Boulevard Henri Quatre, the great "Column of July." The walk planned for another day will bring us to this monument, which occupies the middle of the Place de la Bastille.

Take the narrow road bordering the river, still on the island, QUAI D'ANJOU: and, keeping on the waterside of the quay, take note of the first house. Here is a very pleasing seventeenth century house, the HÔTEL LAMBERT. It is one of the places that still remains occupied by its owner. There are some fine decorations of considerable age in the interior. The writer has not seen them: but he learns that the house may be visited by application to the secretary, when the family is not in residence.

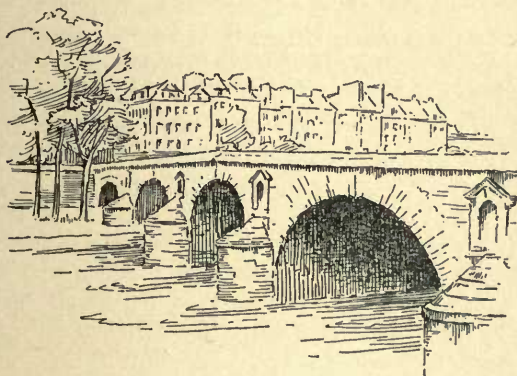
Number 17 was once the dwelling of Théophile Gautier. Now don't miss the gilded water-pipes with dolphin decoration; nor that jolly little wrought-iron balcony. Gautier must have loved them—especially the water-pipes. Gautier who confessed his contempt for mere utility. All the buildings on this side are worthy of attention in passing: and you can see them so well from the quay.

When you reach the opening of the RUE POULLETIER, turn down (L) to come to the RUE ST. LOUIS, the principal street of the island.

At the corner stands the church of St. Louis. There is nothing of sufficient interest here to call

for a visit. Turn (R) and notice in passing, the principal door, with its mutilated carvings. I mean those bonny little naked cherubs—armless now, poor things !

Continue along this street to the next cross-way, RUE DES DEUX PONTS : turn (R) as far as the bridge, PONT MARIE. Do not yet cross the river, but follow the quay (L), QUAI BOURBON : after a



PONT MARIE

few steps, turn and look at the picturesque PONT MARIE. It is the only bridge in Paris which has about it nothing Parisian. And it is the oldest but one.

It takes its name, not from any illustrious dame of the Court ; but in perpetuation of the name of the contractor, Monsieur Marie, who built it for LOUIS XIII about the time they first began to build on the island. Once its roadway was lined with houses, many of which were carried away by

flood: the rest were removed just before the Revolution.

Do not neglect the houses on your (L) as you follow the quay: notable numbers 15, 19, 21, 29. No. 15 with its fortification of every lower window and of even that peep-hole over the doorway: bars, not only from sill to top, but bent and fixed into the stone above.

Here we are at the PONT LOUIS-PHILIPPE, a comparatively modern structure, which carries us over to the QUAI DE L'HÔTEL-DE-VILLE on the North bank.

If you walk along the quay with the river on your (L), you will soon pass the *Place de l'Hôtel de Ville* and arrive in about ten minutes at the *Place du Châtelet*. (There is a good luncheon at the Brasserie Dreher.) You will soon become familiar with this open place. Cabs and 'bus are plentiful. You are close to the *Rue de Rivoli* and within easy reach of the centre of modern Paris and a score of restaurants.

SECOND DAY

TODAY we are going to find our way about the Eastern part of "THE MARAIS" (The Marsh): a locality on the right bank which succeeded the island of the city as the centre of Court life.

Beginning with the PLACE DU CHATELET, we shall visit successively the Place de l'Hôtel-de-Ville, rues:—François-Miron, de l'Ave-Maria, des Jardins, St. Paul, St. Antoine; Place de la Bastille; rue des Tournelles; Place des Vosges; rues:—Beautrellis, Charles V, des Lions, du Petit-Musc; & Quai des Célestins.

The very names of these streets suggest, in many instances, their past associations.

Starting-place:—PLACE DU CHATELET.

Metropolitan station:—CHATELET, from which a few paces along the rue de Rivoli, taking the Gothic *Tour St. Jacques* as your objective, bring you to the PLACE DU CHATELET.

On reaching it, turn into the Place, with the garden on your (L): and make for the portico of the Théâtre Sarah-Bernhardt.

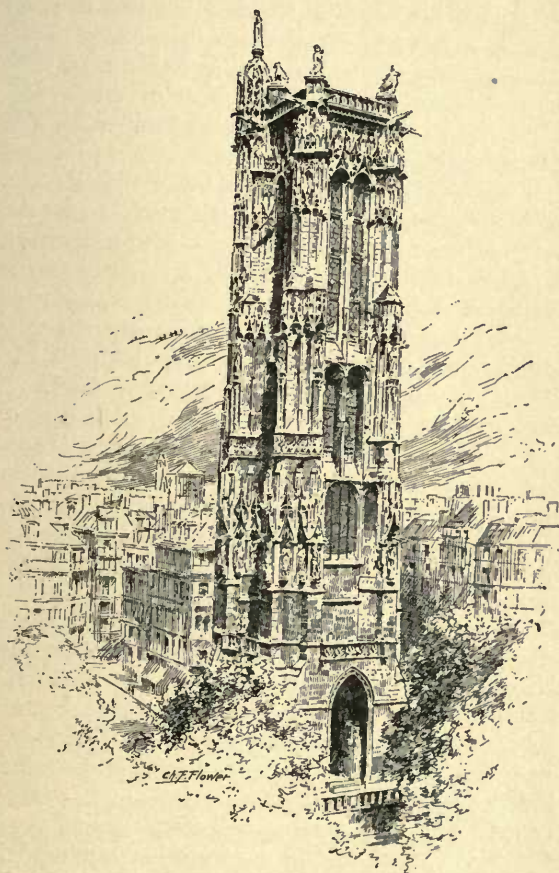
Standing here and facing the Théâtre Châtelet, to your (L) over the river is the Palais de Justice. The Fontaine de la Victoire with its four sphinxes is in the middle of the Place; its column being inscribed with the names of fifteen battles won by Napoleon the Great.

There is very little here to remind one of the grim past of this bit of open ground: only that plan engraved in black and white low down on the wall of the house over yonder opposite the garden.

The first we hear of it is that a big wooden tower stood here in the ninth century to defend the adjacent bridge against the Normans. This was taken down in the twelfth century and rebuilt in stone on a larger scale. As a fortress it took the name of "GRAND CHATELET" to distinguish it from the "PETIT CHATELET" which stood on the other side of the river. It is the ground plan of the Grand Châtelet that figures on the wall. Later still it became a prison under the jurisdiction of the Prévôt. It was removed in 1802.

Now let us go into the Avenue Victoria, round the corner café under the Théâtre Bernhardt (R). This broad thoroughfare will conduct us direct to the *Place de l'Hôtel-de-Ville*. But on your way past the garden on your (L), halt a couple of minutes to see the "TOUR ST. JACQUES" in the enclosure on the rue de Rivoli side.

This example of late Gothic is all that remains of a church destroyed about the time of the Revolution. It represents the last phase of Gothic ecclesiastical Art, the Flamboyant. I cannot here refrain from quoting a passage in Hilaire Belloc's inspiring work, where he is speaking of this period:—"The carvings jostle one another. Every church front is a kind of foliage of detail. The windows especially display this luxuriance. They attempt every manner of re-entrant curve, the lines pass



TOUR ST. JACQUES

one into the other, and there finally appears that effect of a fire burning which has given the last style of mediaeval architecture its French name, and that has inspired the phrase of Michelet with its violent metaphor: 'The Gothic caught fire, leaped up in the tongues of the FLAMBOYANT, and disappeared.' "

It was at the summit of this tower that PASCAL made his early barometrical observations in the 17th century: Pascal, the many-sided philosopher, mathematician and theologian. It is his statue you see under the arch.

Along the wide Avenue Victoria then, to its termination at the "PLACE DE L'HOTEL-DE-VILLE" with its monumental Town Hall. (I like to call your attention sometimes to distant views of important buildings which you have seen from nearer points. There is NOTRE DAME over the river there to your (R): a stately picture always: a charming silhouette in some lights!)

The following remarks as to the history of this wide Place are taken from the work of the Marquis de Rochemore:—"This Place has been the scene of historic events of the greatest moment: and its history would represent the history of Paris, the history indeed of France. Executions took place here for over 500 years—from 1310 to 1832. * * * The first Hôtel-de-Ville, called 'La Maison-aux-Piliers' was bought by Etienne Marcel in 1357. Francis I laid the first stone of another in 1533: * * * and that was burnt by the Commune in 1871." The present magnificent example of French Renaissance was completed in 1882.

Cross the Place, bearing (R), and go round outside the garden at the South end of the building. Here, on its commanding pedestal, is the statue of ETIENNE MARCEL, the most prominent citizen of his time. He held the office of *Prévôt des Marchands* a position somewhat analogous with that of the modern Mayor. He fought hard for popular government: and was assassinated in 1358.

Walking round to the rear of the Hôtel-de-Ville, you come (R) upon the remarkable church of ST. GERVAIS: or, to give it its full title, ST. GERVAIS AND ST. PROTAIS. This is the church so gravely injured by enemy fire from a long-range gun on Good Friday 1918. The repairs are plainly seen from within at the western end of the nave.

There was a church here in the sixth century. A historic elm tree grew near by; under which the early kings, at irregular intervals, sat to receive petitions and to hear suits. There have been several successive churches on the same site during the centuries which have followed.

Look at this seventeenth century façade. It is a good example of its order: though in this instance a flagrant breach of the Unities. Enter through that door to your (L) in the West front. I wonder if, when you pass into the church, remembering the character of the façade, you will feel that thrill of surprise that came upon myself when first I crossed its threshold—those lofty arches, undreamt of when entering the little door between the Greek pillars. There are some interesting minutes to be passed here another day: but come away with me into the streets. There

are treasures awaiting discovery before our morning is over.

On leaving the West door again, turn (L) down the little *rue de Brosse* to the quay once more. Then again (L) along the quay: and at the first opening (L), opposite the bridge of Louis-Philippe, there are the beginnings of two streets: take the nearer, RUE DES BARRES.

This way we reach the East end of the church. I would have you look at that high-pitched roof of nave and choir, and the thin, wide support of a flying buttress and its gargoyle poised in space.

From here too glance down, in passing, the *rue Grenier-sur-l'Eau*: then on to the RUE FRANÇOIS-MIRON which crosses your path. Now to the (R). On past two or three openings, till you reach the "HÔTEL BEAUVAIS" N° 68, (official number white on a blue ground: the old number was 62 and is carved over the doorway.)

Look at this house from the other side of the street. It has been spoilt to some extent: there was of old a famous balcony here, from which MAZARIN watched the entry of LOUIS the Fourteenth and his bride, MARIE THÉRÈSE, into Paris in 1660. Now enter through the big door, and pass through the vestibule into the middle of the courtyard.

This HOTEL BEAUVAIS was presented by Louis XIV (in gratitude for services rendered) to his mother's favourite femme de chambre, Catherine Bellier, who became the wife of Pierre Beauvais. The house is an admirable piece of work: and though bereft of all its courtly asso-

ciations, maintains an impressive architectural dignity amidst uncongenial surroundings. Notice the ram's head ornamentation—a playful reference to Madame Beauvais' maiden-name. P.D.B. her husbands initials are here and there added.

Regretfully leaving this fascinating house, come back twenty yards or so along the street and turn down the rue JOUY (L), a tortuous little byway, redolent of the Ages. Follow it past a cross-street, when you will see directly before you the RUE DU FIGUIER: the name is in a prominent position with the number 28 near it.

Take this street (RUE DU FIGUIER) to the (R), again rubbing shoulders with a double border of seventeenth century dwellings: you will emerge eventually opposite a covered market. Now at your right elbow is a remnant of Mediaeval Paris—the Supreme Example—

THE HOTEL DE SENS!

Shut out from consciousness, if you can, the aggressive presence of that intrusive market, and revel in this harmonious anachronism, this belated lingerer of a bygone world. It has been in some measure outraged; but much remains to testify to the loving care of those builders, who, in the year 1474, began this work when LOUIS THE ELEVENTH was king.

It was designed for the town house of the Archbishop of Sens. A hundred and twenty years afterwards, the divorced wife of HENRI QUATRE, QUEEN MARGOT lived here. In the

seventeenth century it became a coaching house : and tradition has it that in the time of the Directory, the Lyons Mail left its yard, coming out of that stately doorway, on the fatal night, the story of which has thrilled thousands of playgoers who have witnessed the elder Irving in his impersonation of the unhappy Lesurques.

Once a Bishop's palace, a Queen's retreat, a hostelry in the heroic days of the road : it serves now prosaic purposes of commerce.

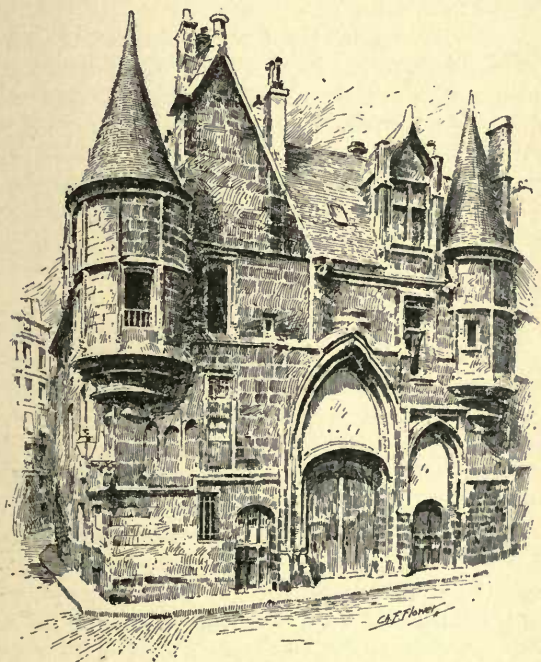
Happily, its outward features have not been hopelessly marred even yet : though an attempt at its destruction was made in 1830 by the Revolutionists of that year ; as witness the presence of that small cannon ball embedded in the masonry just over the little window on the left.

Your way takes you along the RUE DE L'AVE-MARIA, with the market on your (R). When you have proceeded forty or fifty yards, just turn round a moment and seen the old house once more from a distance. It is an impression that will take long to efface—this venerable vignette of a bygone Age—silent witness of four and a half centuries of the seething life of a city where so much history has been made !

You come soon to the RUE DES JARDINS, (R & L). Look for a moment up the squalid part to the (L) : (you need not enter it) and try to reconcile its name "Street of the Gardens" with its present-day abject appearance. It occupies land which once formed part of the gardens of the great palace of St. Paul, built by Charles V.

That palace covered an enormous area : many

of the streets in this neighbourhood are built on its former site. Many of the names, too, of these streets have reference to parts of that immense establishment. Rues des Lions is now where the



HOTEL DE SENS

menagerie of wild beasts formerly stood. Rue Charles V is named after the builder. The name of the rue Beautrellis has obvious associations.

Turn down the short, wider portion of the

rue des Jardins (R), and arrive at the QUAI DES CÉLESTINS. The bridge to your (R) is the PONT MARIE. To your (L) is the Eastern extremity of the island of Saint Louis, joined to the mainland by the Pont Sully.

Follow the quay (L) a few yards to the next street (L), RUE ST. PAUL. This will conduct you to the thronged, bustling, democratic, everyday RUE ST. ANTOINE: the Southern limit of an industrial quarter, devoted nowadays to the manufacture of household furniture. This street is the continuation Eastwards of the Rue de Rivoli which extends in the West to the Place de la Concorde.

Turn (L) a few steps. Here is the church of ST. PAUL-ST. LOUIS, built by the Jesuits under Louis XIII. It is a big imposing edifice with a pompous, though not wholly displeasing façade. You might enter for just a moment: and if you do so, you will find it Gothic in general design, with triforium and clerestory: yet with Renaissance detail. The flattened arches of the low triforium are, I think, effective if singular. But it is an interior of depressing gloom.

A couple of hundred yards further on, on the same side, is N° 21, HÔTEL DE MAYENNE at the corner of the *rue du Petit-Musc*. You will see this much better from the other side of the street. It is quite worth the trouble of crossing. This house was begun in the 16th century, as a residence for DIANE DE POITIERS. When finished, however, it was occupied by the DUC DE MAYENNE, a leader of the HOLY CATHOLIC LEAGUE. Here

many of its secret meetings took place : and they show still the chamber where the assassination of HENRI III was decided upon. The house is in excellent preservation, at least externally ; and is worthy a few moments' careful attention. The ground floor is now occupied by a shoe dealer on the one side, and on the other by a dressmaker.

There is another church close by : the Protestant temple of St. Mary. The interior is remarkable for nothing but its utter absence of ornament, its protestant simplicity.

Yet some yards further, and the rue St. Antoine ends in a vast open place : the historic PLACE DE LA BASTILLE. There in the middle is the COLONNE DE JUILLET : we saw it yesterday half a mile away down the vista of the Boulevard Henri Quatre, from the Pont Sully.

Here on the nearer, Western, side of the Place, stood the towers of THE BASTILLE : a prison-fortress, whose name is perhaps more familiar the wide world over than any other place of like character that has existed.

CHARLES V built the BASTILLE, by the advice of his *Prévôt*, at the Easternmost gate of Paris in the line of Etienne Marcel's wall, to defend specially his newly-built *Hôtel St. Paul* : over whose site we were walking half an hour ago. In later years the Bastille became the terrible State Prison, a weapon of oppression in the hands of succeeding monarchs, until 1789 : when, on the 14th of July, after four hundred years of existence, it was laid low by the first overwhelming fury of the Revolutionary storm !

Its Eastern limits are marked in white stones in the roadway near the opening of the rue St. Antoine. (The multitudinous tramway lines now scoring the surface have somewhat obscured this tracing: but it can be seen with a little care.) These curved lines with their convexity pushing towards the Place, mark the outline of the Easternmost towers: the bulk of the fortress was situated further Westward, and many of the houses of the rue St. Antoine are built over its foundations.

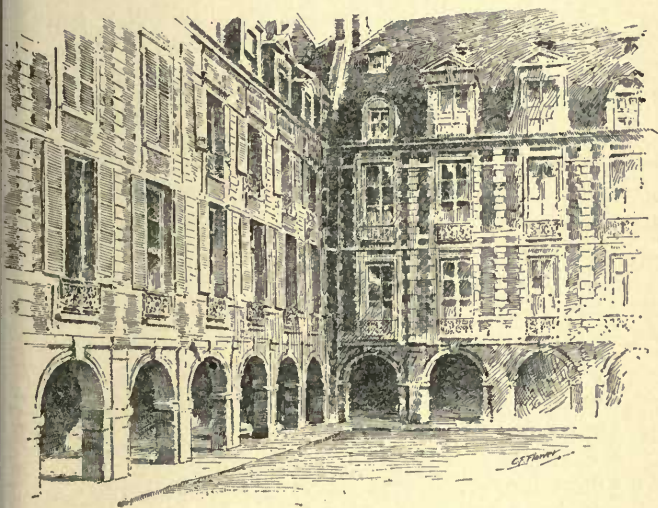
Forty one years after the destruction of the prison, in 1830, Paris again rose in Revolution: a fierce struggle between the populace and the troops, involving much bloodshed and lasting three days—27, 28, 29 July—again July!—resulted in the abdication of the king.

CHARLES X escaped from Paris: and LOUIS-PHILIPPE was elected to the throne of France.

That great monument—"Column of July" was raised a few years later to commemorate these two victories of the People. At its base are buried the bodies of citizens killed during the later struggle: their names—there are 615—are engraved on the monument.

A thread of grim comedy is woven unconsciously in this story of a tragedy. It is related by Victorien Sardou in a preface to George Cain's "*Promenades dans Paris*." I venture to quote it (in translation):—"Under the Restoration they had buried, just where now stands the equestrian statue of Velasquez [in front of the colonnade of the Louvre] certain Egyptian mummies which had become decomposed by their lengthy sojourn

in the damp atmosphere of the lower halls of the Louvre. In 1830, at the same spot, the dead bodies of those slain in their attack on the Louvre were hastily thrown into a pit. Ten years later, when it was desired to give these brave fellows a



PLACE DES VOSGES

more becoming burial, they dug up indiscriminately patriots and mummies! And the contemporaries of the Pharaohs are consequently piously entombed under the column of the Bastille as "Heroes of July!"

Go back along the street we have just left—rue St. Antoine—on its Northern (R) side as far as the fine statue of BEAUMARCHAIS. Here turn

up the RUE DES TOURNELLES, a street whose name recalls the *Palais des Tournelles*, built near here, a little to the (L) in 1390 by CHARLES VI. The courtyard of the Palace was where the PLACE DES VOSGES is now ; and which we shall see presently.

At No. 28 (R) in this *rue des Tournelles*, the beautiful Ninon de Lenclos died at ninety years of age in 1706. Her dwelling in younger days was at No. 56, higher up on the same side : but our route does not take us so far in that direction.

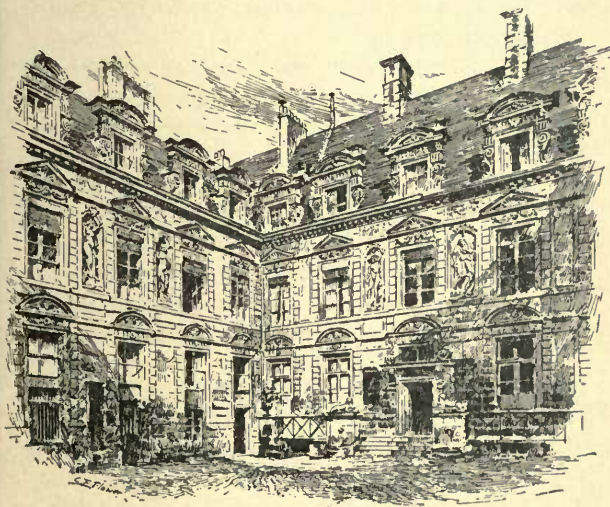
Take the first street (L) a very short one, RUE DU PAS-DE-LA-MULE : this brings you directly to a magnificent remnant of the sixteenth century—PLACE DES VOSGES.

This square occupies the site of the courtyard of the PALAIS DES TOURNELLES of CHARLES VI. It was occupied by that king : and afterwards by other illustrious personages, amongst whom, the Duke of Bedford when Regent of France after the death of Henry V of England (1422). The last monarch to dwell here was HENRI II. At a tournament held in this court, Henri was injured : and died a few days later. Thereupon CATHERINE DE MÉDICIS, his widow, destroyed the palace.

The stately square as it stands now, is the work of HENRI QUATRE DE NAVARRE. The uniformity and unbroken frontage is effectively relieved by the division of the roof line between contiguous houses. The middle house on the North side was, and is still called, the *Pavillon de la Reine* : and its vis-a-vis the *Pavillon du Roi*. -

Henri called this new creation of his the PLACE

ROYALE. At that crisis in French history, the REVOLUTION OF 1789, when names and symbols shared equally with concrete matter in the general upheaval, "PLACE ROYALE" gave way to "PLACE DES VOSGES" in honour of the department of the



HOTEL SULLY

VOSGES, which was the first to contribute funds to the Revolutionists in Paris.

A ridiculous stone statue of Louis XIII disfigures the central point of the garden.

Once the very centre of aristocratic Paris ; the residence of Kings and Courts and Cardinals, of Knights and Squires and noble Dames, the PLACE DES VOSGES is the home of the small *rentier* and

the playground of children of the quarter. Number 21 was once Richelieu's : Turgot lived at No. 7 : Rachel, the tragedienne, at No. 13. No. 6 was the home of Victor Hugo when writing much of his later work. The Poet's house is now arranged as a museum of objects associated with his work and his domestic life.

Take the street facing the statue, *rue de Briague* entered by an archway under the *Pavillon du Roi* : and so get once more into the *rue St. Antoine*. Here turn (R).

Onwards about seventy yards. Halt at No. 62, HÔTEL SULLY, and enter the courtyard. We have seen that Henri IV built the Place des Vosges : his great minister, SULLY, lived in this house. One can but admire the general effect of Sully's house : and deplore its latter-day disfigurements. Those stones and carvings have been here since the year 1624. The climate of Paris deals not unkindly with masonry : and it is evident that but little care has been given to this beautiful building during the past hundred years, to say the least ! It will bear looking into even now. The house is broken up into sections and given over to miscellaneous trade purposes. Nevertheless, to one who looks at it with understanding and with sympathy, it remains beautiful, stately, venerable.

The ceiling of the gateway carries the original decoration. The street front has been spoiled by the addition of a later upper part between the two pavilions. Cross the street to see the general effect.

Leaving the Hôtel Sully you will go back about

seventy yards as far as the little *rue Beautrellis* which is just opposite the *rue de Briague* which brought you from the *Place des Vosges*. Turn down this *rue Beautrellis* and from this take the first street (R), *rue Charles V*. About midway along here, at No. 12, is a fine house with a sinister past. Here lived the notorious Madame de Brinvilliers, the arch-poisoner: here she perpetrated that long series of murders, in expiation of which she suffered torture and execution in 1676.

Now on to the end of the street, noting at the corner of No. 16, an unusually small Madonna in its niche on the wall high up.

Once again we are in the *rue St. Paul*: turn (L). Again at the first street turn (L) to enter the *rue des Lions* on the site of part of the old Hotel St. Paul. Look in at the several courtyards in passing: you will see many strange interiors: but the demolishers are getting busy.

Turn (R) at the first street, *rue du Petit-Musc*, (the name a corruption of 'rue de la Pute-qui-muse'): a few yards more and you are on the broad *Quai des Célestins* by the river. You will have remarked that you are never far from the Seine, in exploring the older quarters of Paris. As you leave the little *rue du Petit-Musc*, do not omit to notice the last house on the (R) at the corner, with its carvings in relief: and round the same corner (R) a very elaborate doorway. The great gates of the house are a few yards further on—No. 2. It is the HÔTEL FIEUBET. If the gate be open—and the small door generally is in the morning—you will be able to examine the

principal façade: and do not miss the riotous carving about the upper balcony.

The Hôtel Fieubet dates from 1671: it was built for Fieubet, a minister of Anne of Austria. Now it is a school.

There is one other thing hereabout which you might be interested to see. Opposite the Hôtel Fieubet, in the public garden is an ivy-covered mass of stonework, railed round. It is a part of the foundation of one of the towers of the old Bastille. The workmen discovered it while making some excavations on the site of the old fortress. The stones were carefully laid bare, brought here and arranged in their original positions in 1899.

We began the morning at the site of one great prison: we finish our walk in meditation over the remains of another.

There are seldom any cabs to be found here. There are, however, trams running at intervals past this spot to the Louvre. Or take an autobus down the short part of the *Boulevard Henri Quatre* (L), close to you, as far as the Bastille where you can take either a cab (they are plentiful there), or the Metropolitan railway which has a station there and runs under the rue de Rivoli along its full length: or an omnibus along the same course. These will bring you to the Louvre and modern Paris—and *déjeuner*.

THIRD DAY

AWAY over the river to the heart of the
LATIN QUARTER.

Beginning in the PLACE ST. MICHEL, our
route is as follows :—

PLACE ST. MICHEL. Rue St. Séverin.

Rue St. Jacques.

Rue St. Julien-le-Pauvre.

Rue de la Bûcherie.

Rue de l'Hôtel Colbert. Rue des Anglais.

Place Maubert.

Boulevard St. Germain. Rue de Poissy.

Rue des Ecoles. Square Monge.

Rue Monge. Rue de Navarre.

Rue Monge. Rue Daubenton.

Rue Mouffetard. Passage des Patriarches.

Avenue des Gobelins, only as far as

Boulevard Port Royal.

RUE ST. JACQUES.

Rue Soufflot. Place du Panthéon.

Rue Cujas. Boulevard St. Michel.

Place de la Sorbonne.

Rue des Ecoles.

BOULEVARD ST. MICHEL.

Starting-place :—PLACE ST. MICHEL.

Metropolitan station :—PLACE ST. MICHEL.

PLACE ST. MICHEL : a very busy spot, a

meeting-place of four big thoroughfares, a maze of tram lines and a hurly burly of general traffic.

Over the bridge is the city. Notre Dame, changeless and benign in square-browed serenity, looks down from her island-shrine—a mute benediction on your pilgrimage.

With your back to the river, start along the wide Boulevard St. Michel and take the second street (L) after the quay,—RUE ST. SÉVERIN. Look down the little rue Zacharie (L) in passing.

A curious church spire is seen ahead, and a hundred yards or so bring you to this CHURCH OF ST. SÉVERIN.

You are now on the edge of a maze of narrow, irregular streets, until of late years one of the least disturbed quarters of Old-Time Paris.

The CHURCH of ST. SÉVERIN, shut in so closely in a rookery of crowded habitations that it has to be sought for and is unknown except by name to the majority of Parisians, is nevertheless one of the most interesting.

The present building dates from the 13th century, though it has been added to from time to time. Especially may it be noted that its interior received considerable injury from 16th century “improvements.” Notwithstanding this there is much Gothic work remaining. The florid West portal did not originally belong to it, but was brought away from another church on the island when the latter was demolished about 1837. During the Revolution, the church was utilised as a factory for gunpowder.

The Presbytery of today to the (R) of the West

Front as you face it, stands on ground which was originally the graveyard. Rochgude tells how in 1461 the first surgical operation for "stone" was performed here upon a man under sentence of death ; the operation was successful, and Louis XI pardoned his crime.

This is a church to be visited deliberately someday: upon this occasion we can only spare time enough for a momentary peep inside, when its general effect will impress you sufficiently to make you earmark it for a half hour's visit upon another occasion.

Leaving the West door, turn (L) along the *Rue des Prêtres*, to see the little bit that remains (it won't be left long) of the venerable *Rue de la Parcheminerie*. It is the little street at the first turning (R.) It's all old, all strange. No. 29 is a delicate bit of Louis XV work.

Come back to the church and turn (R) along its N. side. Don't miss the gargoyles, first cousins to those of *Notre Dame*. You *can't* miss those last four windows, especially the last but two—it wants but a bony hand clutching those iron bars from within. Then take a look at the apse.

You are at this moment in the RUE ST. JACQUES, an ancient way overlying the very road made by the Romans as an approach to the city. It is a very long street: its outer portion, up the hill a mile away, still retains its narrow, irregular, 16th century character. (Our course will take us through that part later this morning.) Midway where stand the new buildings of the Sorbonne, the street has been widened. At this end it is continued into the short RUE DU PETIT PONT.

From this point of the *rue St. Jacques* another street, RUE ST. JULIEN-LE-PAUVRE, runs off diagonally. Follow it, and a few yards down on the (R) is an open gateway admitting to a yard in which is the ancient CHURCH of St. JULIEN-LE-PAUVRE. Its façade is nondescript: suggesting a very common type of Chapel in a small English country town.

Just at the (R) of the doorway is an ancient well, which at one time was inside the church. For you must understand that the building once covered the ground you are standing on. This façade sliced off a considerable portion of the nave. Look at that ruined fragment of a wall to your (L): that formed part of the North wall of the original nave. In fact, the present day church is but a fragment of the original: formerly it was part of an important Priory.

The very earliest church here was destroyed during the famous siege by the Norsemen. Then, 300 years afterwards (twelfth century) the Priory was established: and the church was rebuilt.

In the Middle Ages St. Julien's was the place of general assembly of the Paris University, which had been established about 1200. In the 17th century it became attached to the old Hôtel Dieu, as its chapel: that hospital also becoming possessed of the Priory, its properties and revenues.

At the Revolution, the building was utilised as a salt-warehouse: and now it is appropriated to worship by members of the Greek Church.

If you enter (for a moment) just look at the

simple little chapel at the further end of the South aisle (R).

Mrs. Beale, in her work on the Paris Churches, states that this one and Notre Dame, of all the Churches of Paris, stand most truly East and West.

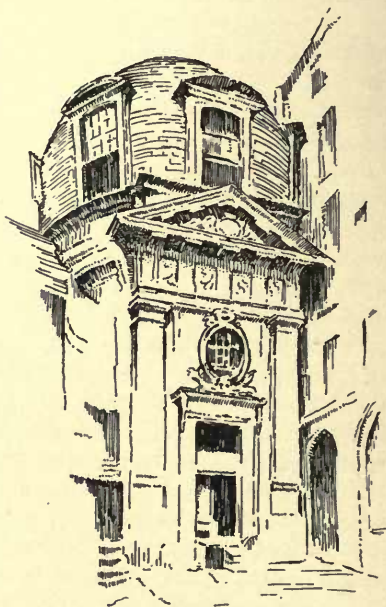
Turn (R) on leaving the gateway: the first street crossing our path is the RUE DE LA BUCHERIE, the quarter of the fire-wood sellers in the Middle Ages. Turn down here (R). Just here it is no longer a street: the further side is cleared. It's an open space to the river. When I was exploring this quarter eighteen years ago (1907) you could see nothing of *Notre Dame*, and very little of anything else but a strip of sky. (At this point maps all differ and they are all wrong.)

Onward with the river on your (L) across the end of the *Rue Lagrange* into the narrow continuation of the *Rue de la Bucherie*. Here, 50 yards down (R), in the 14th century, was a lecture-hall of the Faculty of Medicine: and here, rebuilt, it is again—quasi gothic behind the railings. The domed, circular Amphitheatre (1617) for the teaching of anatomy, remains. It has lived a chequered life, and, I believe, is not now used for teaching.

Turn sharp round the corner (R), into the Rue de l'Hôtel Colbert: and again cross the winding Rue Lagrange. Bear a little (L), and in a dozen yards you are at the short RUE DES ANGLAIS (R), where, in the Middle Ages, when all the world sent of its youth to Paris to gather learning, the English students had their lodging. In those

days, and up to seventy years ago, it was one of the most disreputable streets in a disreputable quarter !

With the opening up of the quarter, the " street of the Englishmen " has lost most of its danger,



ANCIEN AMPHITHÉÂTRE DE MÉDECINE

much of its dirt and all its picturesqueness. It is now only dull !

Follow the Rue des Anglais to the end and turn (L) into the Boulevard St. Germain : where,

fifty yards further (L), you are in the once notorious PLACE MAUBERT.

Now this *Place Maubert* is the very centre of the old-time Latin Quarter. Following the rule of civilisation, the Quarter of the Schools has tended to move Westward: but migration has been leisurely; for through all the Ages since its foundation it has moved but a few yards. And the old centre remains well within the new radius.

The *Place* has been much enlarged by the opening up of the Boulevard St. Germain which now runs through it. The market over there replaces a monastery: and the narrow street running uphill beside it finishes its serpentine course on the Place du Panthéon.

In the old days, Georges Cain tells us, "in Winter, Mass at St. Julien-le-Pauvre *at five in the morning* was the signal for the beginning of classes, lighted only by a few wretched candles." Tradition has it that DANTE twice came here to study under a famous master of that time, Sigier de Brabant. (The statue of the ascetic Italian is in the garden of the Collège de France: we shall see it later this morning).

Aforetime, when night closed in, and the murky gloom was scarce relieved by the yellow flare of smoky oil-lamps, here gathered a motley crowd from the unwholesome lodgings in the narrow ways converging on this place, prototypes of the undergraduate of today. Picturesque was he always in the garb of the Middle Ages, poor generally, ill-fed often, but YOUTH was on his side: and sounds of revelry at close of day filled the old

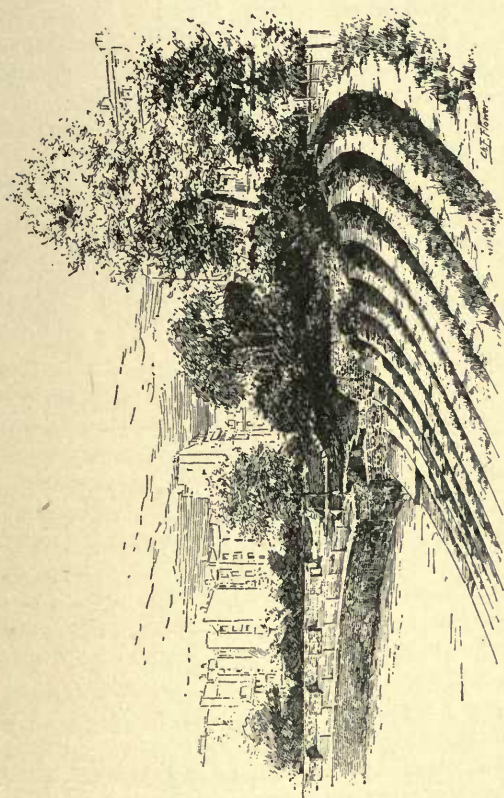
PLACE MAUBERT, filtering in broken echoes through gable-shadowed byways to the sluggish waters of the Seine hard by.

Save in the case of an eccentric anachronism here and there, the picturesque has disappeared. Poverty is by no means a characteristic of the type : and the student of today has little in common with his ancestor of the thirteenth century, save a passionate and abiding love for "*le Quartier*," and YOUTH ! And though the exigencies of the modern examination-inill demand a correspondingly purposeful existence, revelry is not even now a thing unknown : and survives, happily in an attenuated form, in the BOULEVARD ST. MICHEL !

The statue opposite the market is of Etienne Dolet, printer and philosopher, who, in expiation of his advanced teaching, was publicly burnt alive on this Place. Is the head of the figure a little too big in proportion ? But one must admit the artistic grace of the figures at the base of the pedestal.

Cross the Place Maubert past the statue and the market leaving the market on your (R) ; then along the Eastern portion of the Boulevard St. Germain. Two hundred yards onward (R) is the Church of St. Nicholas du Chardonnet, a curvilinear crudity, innocent of architectural character, and with a square tower at its further end.

The second street (R) after the church is the *Rue de Poissy*, crossing the Boulevard. Take the (R) section and about half way up (R) is the OLD



ARÈNES DE LUTÈCE

REFECTORY of the BERNARDINE MONKS. You will easily see over the boundary-wall the pointed arches of the ancient monastery, founded in the 13th century by an Englishman, Stephen of Lexington. During the latter part of the Revolution many priests were done to death in this place, and the building was appropriated by the State. Today it is a station of the Paris Fire-Brigade.

At the further end of the street we are in the *Rue des Ecoles*. Turn fifty yards to the (R) to the *Square Monge*. In the garden, at its further end, is a delightful bronze statue of VILLON, the picturesque vagrant-poet of the time of Louis XI. As a work of imaginative Art, it surely stands in the very front rank of French Work.

Leave the square where you entered it, and turn up the *Rue Monge* (R). When you have followed this street for about 500 yards, passing several openings on either side, you will come upon the little *Rue de Navarre* (L) : take this, passing an embanked garden (L) until a gateway (L) admits you to the ARÈNES DE LUTÈCE.

This Roman Amphitheatre was accidentally discovered somewhere about 1870 : and further searches in 1883 resulted in a portion being carefully laid bare and restored.

Since I was here in 1908, the whole arena has been uncovered.

This amphitheatre must have been constructed about the second century, during the Roman occupation. The official guardian, in military uniform, at my first visit gave an extremely intelligent account of its discovery ; and manifested no

slight familiarity with the subject of amphitheatres in general.

Let us return along the little street to the *Rue Monge*: then follow it (L) past several openings, past the *Place Monge* (R) with its statue of Louis Blanc, to the *Rue Daubenton* (R). Turn down here.

That covered market on the (R) is the MARCHÉ DES PATRIARCHES, a welcome picturesque variation in its Italian style, from the other markets in Paris.

The name comes from the fact that in the 14th century there was here the residence of a Bishop of Paris who was at the same time Patriarch of Alexandria. The market covers what was once the courtyard of the house.

Leave the market on your (R). Over the houses to the (L) is seen the curious, stunted spire, with projecting windows, of the CHURCH OF ST. MÉDARD, which we shall see presently. Continue onwards to the very old street—*Rue Mouffetard*—meeting you at right angles. It is well worth your while to turn (R) into this old street for a hundred yards or so, and come back the same way. It has a character all its own. The *Rue Mouffetard* is narrow, generally thronged (especially on a Sunday morning) and has lived an uninterrupted life from far back in the Middle Ages. Take your time; nobody hurries in the *Rue Mouffetard*. There's nothing quite like it in all Paris. I forgot this time (1925) to see if the *Passage des Patriarches* still exists: if so, it will be found through an ancient doorway, No. 99. Little shops and other

cramped interiors. It leads to the market. Coming back proceed to the CHURCH OF ST. MÉDARD in the open Place.

This Place, once the graveyard of the parish, was the scene of certain Jansenist pilgrimages and "Miracles" in the 17th century. If you go into the church *for a moment*, you will remark the pointed arches in the nave, and "improved" rounded arches towards the East end. This is a not uncommon form of vandalism in French churches. The older part of the building is 15th century. It has a curiously forlorn look today. The church was sacked by the Protestants during the wars of religion in the reign of Charles IX.

On leaving by the principal door, turn (L), and in a hundred yards or so you arrive at the wide *Avenue des Gobelins* which you follow as far as the big open Place, the meeting of five wide roads.

(At this point you are not far from the famous Gobelins tapestry house. To visit this would require at least an hour, and moreover it is open to the public only on certain days and at specified times. The exterior has nothing remarkable: and so we will leave it aside in our route).

Turn sharp (R) into the Boulevard Port-Royal with the tram lines. A few hundred yards, and a high wall (R) encloses the great garden of *Val-de-Grace*. The end of this wall reached, you will see on the other side of the Boulevard the ancient gateway of the *Hôpital Cochin*. A statue of the famous surgeon, Ricord, is at the side of the road. This hospital, in common with many others in Paris, was originally a monastery.

The gateway to-day (1925) is all that remains of the monastery and old hospital. Behind it, a new, vast hospital is coming into being. I'm afraid they won't let that old gateway stay much longer.

A few yards more, and you are at the opening of the venerable RUE ST. JACQUES (R), leading to the island of the city.

We will turn down this narrow way, trodden 2000 years ago by Roman hosts.

(The "Catacombs" are almost everywhere beneath us in this quarter. It may just be mentioned that these so-called Catacombs are merely disused quarries, the source of the stone with which much of Roman Paris was built. At the period when many of the cemeteries within the fortifications were abolished, the human bones found in the various charnel houses were carted to these old quarries and there arranged in fantastic order.)

A hundred yards or so onwards (R) is No. 289, where a veterinary has the sign—" *Soins aux gros et petits animaux.*" The monumental gateway opens into the courtyard of a house once attached to the Abbey of Val-de-Grace: later it became the residence of Madame Dubarry, the unfortunate woman of great beauty and humble birth, who captivated the affections of Louis XV, and was created a Countess. When the Terror came, she lost her head by the guillotine.

Fifty yards further, at No. 277, the big gates of VAL-DE-GRACE open (R) into the spacious courtyard in front of the Church; the first stone

of which was laid by the child Louis XIV at the age of seven years, when he had been two years king. The dome is a copy in miniature of that of St. Peter's at Rome. The buildings which surround it date some years earlier and were used as a Convent by the Benedictine Nuns of Val-de-Grace. At the present day it is a military hospital.

Another hundred yards, and No. 269 is at your (R) hand : an old monastery of the English Benedictines. It was here that the body of King James II was brought in 1701, twelve years after his flight from England, when William of Orange landed at Torbay. The house is now used as a school of religious music.

On the other side of the road, No. 284 is the entrance to what was a Carmelite Convent in the 17th century. It became the last refuge of Louise de la Vallière, another unfortunate Royal favourite, who passed here the last 36 years of her spoilt life.

No. 262. Big gateway and a fine old house (L).

The church, No. 252, at the corner further on, is that of *St. Jacques-du-Haut-Pas*.

We soon cross obliquely a big modern street, RUE GAY-LUSSAC. Over the way at the corner (R) is a big new building. When I last walked this way, at that corner stood a huge convent, closed and for sale.

We are now approaching the modernised, widened middle portion of the Rue St. Jacques : and soon we come into the RUE SOUFFLOT, running

at right angles. Here we take leave of the rue St. Jacques and turn (R) towards the PANTHÉON, that huge classic pile at the summit of the hill.

A little bit of history recapitulated at this moment will help in the understanding of this building and its surroundings.

In 509 died, at a great age, GENEVIÈVE, child-shepherdess of Nanterre, guardian Saint of Paris, beloved by all good Parisians. The Romans no longer dominated Gaul. Barbarians from over the Rhine, during a hundred years past, had overrun the country: the warlike Franks, with CLOVIS at their head, were masters of Paris.

CLOVIS had become converted to Christianity through the efforts of his queen, CLOTILDE.

After the death of Geneviève, her body was carried up this hill to the great burial-place of the Romans, which then covered the whole of this vast open space, and beyond.

Her tomb was made near where that square grey tower rears its head over the roof of the *Lycée Henri Quatre*, (at the back of the *Panthéon*). Over the tomb, CLOVIS, the new convert, began the building of his BASILICA. It was completed afterwards by his widowed Queen and dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul. A monastery was added, to complete the religious establishment.

After the death of Clovis, the People rededicated this church to their beloved GENEVIÈVE. Under this name it afforded shelter to the remains of the venerated Saint for nearly 350 years.

In 857 the church was burnt to the ground by the

Norsemen in one of their attacks on the outskirts of the city, thirty years before they undertook the memorable siege of the island itself.

Three hundred years passed over these blackened ruins : and then in 1170 the CHURCH of St. GENEVIÈVE was rebuilt : the body of the building occupying exactly the space of the little rue Clovis which runs along the south side of the Church of *St. Etienne du Mont* which we shall see presently at the corner of the Place behind the Panthéon. (St. Etienne's did not exist then, nor until four centuries afterwards.)

The square gray tower behind the Lycée is part of that second church of St. Geneviève erected in 1170 ; it stands exactly over the foundations of the tower of the church that CLOVIS began to build in 510. By the name it now bears, TOWER OF CLOVIS, it perpetuates the memory of that barbarian king of the Franks, who, in the ardour of conversion to Christianity, covered with a protecting Basilica the grave of the dead Geneviève.

That tower, by the way, was in position some years before the two great flanking towers of *Notre Dame* were up. Note how, in simpler detail, it foreshadows the character of those of the mother-church.

The church of 1170, with its adjoining monastery, endured six hundred and thirty years. At length its fabric was showing signs of the stress of time, when Louis XV, in conformity with a vow made during a serious illness, undertook to rebuild it.

The king's architect was Soufflot: the site chosen for the new edifice was where now stands this enormous *Panthéon*: and this same *Panthéon* itself, begun in 1757, is the structure designed as the new CHURCH OF ST. GENEVIÈVE.

At the end of seven years' labour, the huge crypt being completed, King Louis XV laid the ceremonial stone: but he did not live to see the work finished.

Then came the ill-fated Louis the Sixteenth. The classic temple stood ready to receive the remains of its patron saint, when the storm of REVOLUTION burst over Paris. The Revolutionists, flouting the pious intentions of its founder, used the new-built church as a great mausoleum for the ashes of their illustrious dead. Then it was that, in 1791, it received its new name, "PANTHÉON."

In that same year MIRABEAU, greatest of the Revolutionary orators, dying at his house in the *rue de la Chaussée d'Antin*, was the first to receive the honour of burial in the crypt of the new *Panthéon*. Mirabeau, however, was not permitted to remain long undisturbed. The National Convention, harbouring certain misgivings as to his loyalty towards the end, deemed him unworthy of the National Mausoleum: and his body was removed to an ordinary cemetery.

The bodies of VOLTAIRE and JEAN-JACQUES ROUSSEAU, who had died thirteen years before, were exhumed in distant cemeteries and brought here with great pomp and ceremony, the one in 1791; the other three years later.

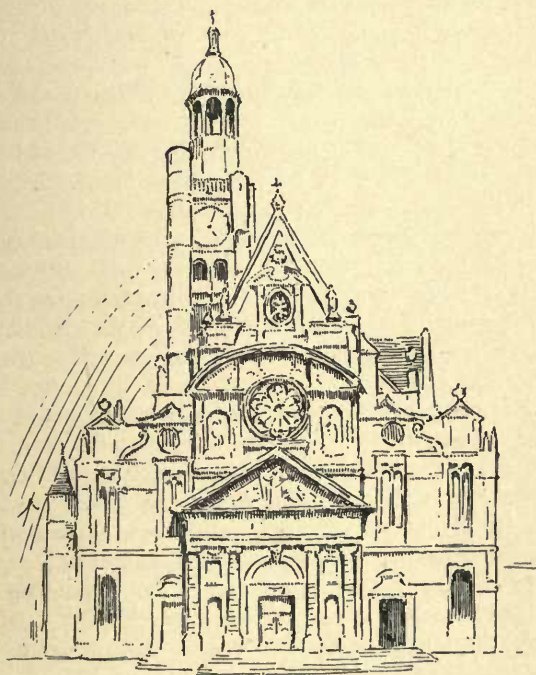
The corpse of the murdered MARAT, received here in 1793, was in a few months deported to the cemetery of *St. Etienne du Mont*.

The GREAT REVOLUTION came and went : BONAPARTE became First Consul in 1799 : Emperor in 1804. By his orders, the Panthéon was restored to Public worship as the Church of Saint Geneviève.

At the same period between 1801—1807, the church of 1170 was pulled down—save and except the square gray tower of Clovis : and all that remained of the bones of Geneviève were transferred—not to her new church—but to the neighbouring St. Etienne. There they remain to this day, enshrined in a gorgeous casket surrounded by ever-burning tapers, year in year out, never extinguished : the loving offerings of the Devout.

At the Revolution of 1830, Louis XV's church became once more "*Panthéon* : " and was again restored to Public Worship in 1851 under the Second Republic. Lastly, in 1885, when VICTOR HUGO died, this great building was once again "*Pantheon*"—" *aux grands hommes la Patrie reconnaissante* : " and the body of the Patriot-Poet obtained here its last resting-place.

Do not enter the Panthéon now : another day you will perhaps like to see the interior, and so get an impression of its vastness and general plan. The frescoes, many of them good, will then deserve examining. The Crypt is not worth the trouble of seeing.



ST. ÉTIENNE DU MONT

Its history, its site and its external features : these are the principal things relative to the Panthéon which concern us as students of the life-story of Paris.

At the back of the Panthéon, in the *Rue Clotilde*, is the *Lycée Henri Quatre*, on the site of that ancient abbey—that monastery of 1170—of which there remains a part of the cloister wall. That bit of Gothic is visible from the street.

With the Lycée on your (R) and the back of the Panthéon on your (L), walk on to the corner of the little rue *Clovis*. Here is something of greater charm than is that monster whose infirmity of purpose constitutes it a monument to the instability of human institutions.

Here is a veritable gem of Renaissance Art—the façade of the CHURCH OF ST. ÉTIENNE DU MONT! It is 16th century work : and the interior, part Gothic, part Renaissance, has much beauty of a kind. RACINE and PASCAL were both buried here : and it contains, as I have reminded you, the Shrine of Saint Geneviève. You will certainly visit this church another day.

With your back to this façade, pass along the broad road with the Panthéon on your (L) and the long front of the *Bibliothèque Ste. Geneviève* on your (R). This was once a college where studied CALVIN, ERASMUS and IGNATIUS LOYOLA. At the Revolution it was used as a hospital : afterwards a prison, and is now a public library.

On past the law-school with the classic pillars on your (L) into the *Rue Cujas*, by which you

presently reach once more the *Rue St. Jacques*. Glance down it (R) : the modern stone building with the tower is the back part of the SORBONNE—the UNIVERSITY of PARIS.

Continue, however, your progress along the rue Cujas until in a hundred yards or so you come to the BOULEVARD ST. MICHEL : grand thoroughfare of the Latin Quarter, beloved of the Paris Student. Turn into the boulevard (R) : and at the next opening (R) is the PLACE DE LA SORBONNE, with a statue of AUGUSTE COMTE in the roadway.

The CHAPEL of the SORBONNE, with dome, rises at the end of the Place. This is all that remains of the OLD SORBONNE built by RICHELIEU. Enter the chapel by the principal doorway : and look for a moment, if you wish, at Richelieu's tomb in the South transept.

Leave by the North door in the opposite transept and so enter the courtyard of the University.

The tracings in the pavement define the outline of Richlieu's building. Around the yard are the various lecture-rooms. (To students and others interested in University life, I would add that when you have time, you may enter almost any of these halls at the commencement of a lecture hour and remain during the *conférence*. The Authorities display a magnanimous liberality in this respect.)

Cross the courtyard direct from the Chapel, and enter the building by a corridor which conducts you to an exit in the rue des Ecoles. (Under

the portico in the courtyard there are some admirable frescoes.)

In the RUE des ÉCOLES turn (R) and after the next opening (rue St. Jacques) you come to the COLLÈGE de FRANCE, a teaching institution, not connected with the University, but under the direct control of the Minister of Education. It is chiefly organised for the benefit of the adult citizen who desires to prolong study after student-days are over. Be sure to look at the STATUE of DANTE in the garden

And now, most patient pilgrim, I suggest that you retrace your steps along this *Rue des Ecoles* as far as the *Boulevard St. Michel*, where the writer takes leave of you for today. In the boulevard you will find numerous cabs: and in the Place St. Michel, lower down (R) are omnibuses, trancars and a Metropolitan railway station.

If, however, you would prefer to take your luncheon on this side of the river, there is *déjeuner* to be had at several places in the boulevard.

Café d'Harcourt, at the corner of the *Place de la Sorbonne*, a little higher up (L). It is first and foremost a students' café—the principal one in the Quarter.

Over the way are a *Duval* and a *Boulant*, both quite acceptable restaurants à la carte, and not expensive.

At the *Duval* 18 years ago, my wife and I took our *déjeuner* many times. To-day (1925) I returned there for my midday meal. Attending upon that same table (the first below the steps

on the left) was the *same* waitress. With her gracious permission I introduce you to Madame Bédu, whose deft and kindly ministering can but add to the savour of your *déjeuner*.

FOURTH DAY

ROUTE :—

Hôtel Cluny,
Rue de l'Ecole-de-Médecine,
Carrefour de l'Odéon, rue de l'Odéon, Place
de l'Odéon,
Rue Rotrou, Rue de Vaugirard, Rue Férou,
Place St. Sulpice,
Rue Bonaparte, Cour du Dragon, Place St.
Germain,
Boulevard St. Germain, Cour de Commerce,
Cour de Rouen,
Rues :—du Jardinnet, de l'Eperon, St. André
des Arts, des Grands Augustins,
Quai Conti, Pont des Arts, Quai du Louvre,
Rue du Louvre.

Starting-place :—Hôtel Cluny.

Metropolitan station :—Place St. Michel. From here a walk of two or three hundred yards along the *Boulevard St. Michel*, away from the river, brings you to the point of intersection of this street and the *Boulevard St. Germain*.

Just over the way at the opposite corner of the crossing, your attention will be attracted by some big iron railings enclosing a rough garden : in the garden a miscellaneous collection of statuary and fragments of architectural remains. Looking more closely into this sombre, sunless enclosure

under the trees, you will see at the back a ruined structure of brick and stone-work with the unmistakable impress of the Roman builder. (This is our starting-place.)

Those massive walls have been standing sixteen hundred years. They are part of a palace, an enormous building originally covering several acres, built by the Emperor Constantius Chlorus, about A.D. 300. This part of the palace, and it is all that remains of it, was the Bath-house, the so-called THERMES.

Walk on a few yards with the garden on your (L). If you will look through the railings again here, you can form some idea of the thoroughness of those Latin builders.

Turn the first corner (L), *rue du Sommerard*, and presently you find that Roman building joined on to another of an entirely different character.

The Roman palace remained a royal residence for the early Meroving and Carloving kings when they, on rare occasions, came to Paris. But gradually the place fell into ruin: its enormous size and the very weight of its material gave pause to any possible scheme for its reconstruction.

With the advent of the Middle Ages, a new school of workman had arisen: and the Abbot of CLUNY in Burgundy bought the ruin and its site in 1340.

Still another hundred and forty years went by before work was begun. Then, in 1480, the Abbot of the period began to erect here his town house: and it was finished in 1490. All that remained

of the work of CHLORUS was demolished except the substantial fragment you have seen.

Now go further along the *rue du Sommerard*, and soon after turning a wide angle you come to the open gateway (L).

Entering the courtyard, you will gain an impression of the Gothic house built by those monks of Cluny.

It covers perhaps not one twentieth of the ground occupied by its forerunner: indeed the two have nothing in common—save honesty of handiwork.

Gothic in design, with many Renaissance features, it is one of the most perfect existing specimens of French domestic architecture of the time. The place is no longer church property. At the Revolution it was confiscated by the State: passing through several hands, it was at one time, so it is said, used as a bakery!

But in 1833 a providential thing happened: for Monsieur du Sommerard, a wealthy antiquary of Paris, bought the estate; and there installed his remarkable collection of Mediaeval and Renaissance works of Art.

When M. du Sommerard died, the French government purchased the house and its contents. Today it is a Public Museum, and an uncommon one.

The interior of the building, but little altered to conform with museum requirements, is itself a delight to the eye: the works of Art which crowd its rooms and corridors, are priceless. Opening from one of the lower rooms, and entered

by a descending flight of stone steps, the THERMES guards many precious relics of Paris dating from even before that Roman palace was built.

You will visit the CLUNY one day: several of the ordinary Paris guide-books afford a sufficiently detailed description of the collection in this maze of little rooms. I should not forget to say that when you come, you must not miss going into the garden (entered by the door past the old well); not so much for the sake of its collection of antiquities, as to see the outside of the house from another point of view. Do not miss this!

Now let us get on our journey. After leaving the gateway turn (R), back again along the *rue du Sommerard* into the *Boulevard St. Michel*. Then (L) a few yards only, as far as the *rue des Ecoles*. Here cross the boulevard to where two streets diverge; the *rue Racine*, and the RUE DE L'ECOLE-DE-MÉDECINE. Take the latter.

Just a little way along, at No. 5 (L) there is a building with a dome-shaped roof within a courtyard. That was a school of Surgery in Louis the Fourteenth's time. Its history, however, goes much further back: for in the 13th century, St. Louis founded a school here, where the primitive Surgery of the time was studied and taught by the clergy. Surgery has migrated to the modern school of Medicine a little further on in this street. It is "decorative Art" which is now taught here. That domed building dates from 1694.

The street makes a little bend a few steps onward, and here at No. 15 (L) is tucked away a relic of Gothic Paris. You can see the façade of

a church-like building over the gates. It is not a church. Louis XIII, or rather his queen, built it as a refectory for the Cordelier (Franciscan) monks whose monastery was then hard by. The monks have long since been disbanded: the rest of the monastery has been demolished, and this refectory serves as a museum of Surgery and Anatomy—the *Musée Dupuytren*—too gruesome a spectacle for the lay visitor.

If the gates are closed, ring the bell and the concierge will admit you to the courtyard. There is nothing of special architectural merit in this bit of Gothic: but its associations and its air of long-ago render it very interesting. One episode of its history must not, and is not likely to be forgotten: the revolutionary *Club des Cordeliers* here held its stormy meetings in the fateful days of the Great Upheaval.

Now come with me further down the street in the same direction between two imposing stone buildings: that on the (R) with colonnade is the older part of the great School of Medicine, the buildings dating from the eighteenth century. On your (L) is the newer section with laboratories—the *Ecole pratique*.

Presently we reach an open place with a statue of DANTON, which you will see from its other aspect a little later. After passing this bronze, the first turning (L) is the *Carrefour de l'Odéon*. Turn (L), and take the middle one of three streets opening from the *carrefour*, the *rue de l'Odéon*, which forms a very effective approach to the ODÉON THEATRE facing you in the distance.

The effectiveness of most architecturally important buildings of Paris has been enhanced by the genius displayed in the arrangement of their approaches. This must already have struck you. In several instances these "monuments" are seen as the principal objectives adown long vistas converging from more than one direction; as for example, the Opera, the Madeleine, the Chambre des députés, the Colonne de Juillet, the Palais du Luxembourg, Arc de Triomphe, Trocadéro.

Now we arrive at the *Place de l'Odéon*, in front of the playhouse. That bust on the column is Emile Augier the dramatist. Look at those bronze figures around the pedestal. Can anything be more graceful and at the same time more natural? The adult figures represent Comedy and a character in one of the Author's plays respectively. The seated figure almost breathes! The boy on the other side, superlatively Gallic, supports a player's mask, and brandishes the whip of Satire. The pose of the extended foot, the facial expression, the fine detail, the careless grace of the general attitude afford surely a superb example of Art in bronze, wherein France leads the world!

As one stands in the *Place de l'Odéon* one does not seem to be in Paris of the twentieth century. And yet there is here nothing so very, very old. It bears, however, distinctively a cachet of eighteenth century days—and nights. At No. 1 is the *Café Voltaire*, a favourite literary resort, now fallen from its high estate, coeval with the palmy days of London's Coffee houses. At No. 2, Desmoulins was arrested in 1794.

The classic columns of the theatre strike here no inharmonious note, and look older than their age. The playhouse was built on the site of the old Hôtel de Condé in 1782. Seven streets converge upon this Place : but it escapes the din and bustle of its near neighbours.

Leave the *Place de l'Odéon* by the colonnade skirting the (R) side of the theatre in the *rue Rotrou*. All the year round, this sheltered passage is occupied by a bookseller and his customers—actual and potential. At the end of it we are in the *rue de Vaugirard* with the gardens of the LUXEMBOURG on the other side of the way. Turn (R), along the RUE DE VAUGIRARD, and presently you have the well-known façade of the PALAIS DU LUXEMBOURG on your (L). You will see it best from the opening of the *rue de Tournon* (R) MARIE DE MÉDICIS built this Franco-Italian palace, beginning it in 1615, during the minority of her son, Louis XIII. After the Queen's death it became the residence of various Princes in succession : a prison during the Revolution ; NAPOLÉON, in 1799, took it for his Palais du Consulat. In these republican days it is the seat of the SENATE, and is known officially as the *Palais du Sénat*.

From the principal gateway look down the old RUE DE TOURNON—in the 16th century a horse market. Its name comes from the Cardinal de Tournon who in 1540 was Abbé of *St. Germain des Prés*. The Restaurant Foyot (very recherché feeding indeed there, I assure you ; chiefly at the service of the Senatorial gourmet) was the hotel where stayed Joseph II of Germany, brother

of Marie Antoinette, on the occasions of his private visits to Paris to commune with JEAN-JACQUES ROUSSEAU.

Walk onwards past the long front of the palace. The next big gates open into the court of the official residence of the President of the Senate.

A little further on, tarry a moment at No. 19 and look through the railings at a little Renaissance gem, the façade of a small chapel built by Marie de Médicis as part of a convent for Benedictine Nuns, founded by her in 1619. The cloister of those days, not seen from the street, is turned into a conservatory !

Next door to this is the famous picture and statue collection, *Musée du Luxembourg*. Here are the works of Artists still living. It has been called the "ante-room of the Louvre ;" the Louvre being exclusively reserved for the productions of Painters and Sculptors who have passed over into the Great Beyond. The Luxembourg should certainly be visited—on another occasion.

Directly opposite the Museum is the *rue Férou*.

Down here we will turn to come to the CHURCH OF SAINT SULPICE. Walk diagonally across the Place, in front of the fountain to reach the North West angle of the square, where the rue Bonaparte leaves it. From that point you will get the best comprehensive view of the church—which is not beautiful. It is only big and ambitious. Opinions, however, are very conflicting concerning its architectural merits. Once, I confess, I was impressed with its appearance. It was late on a Winter's

afternoon : darkness was closing in and there had been a heavy fall of snow an hour before. The white carpet covering the square had not had



SAINT SULPICE

time to become sullied by the traffic : the trees and fountain were garbed in spotless down. From this setting, the square, upward thrust of

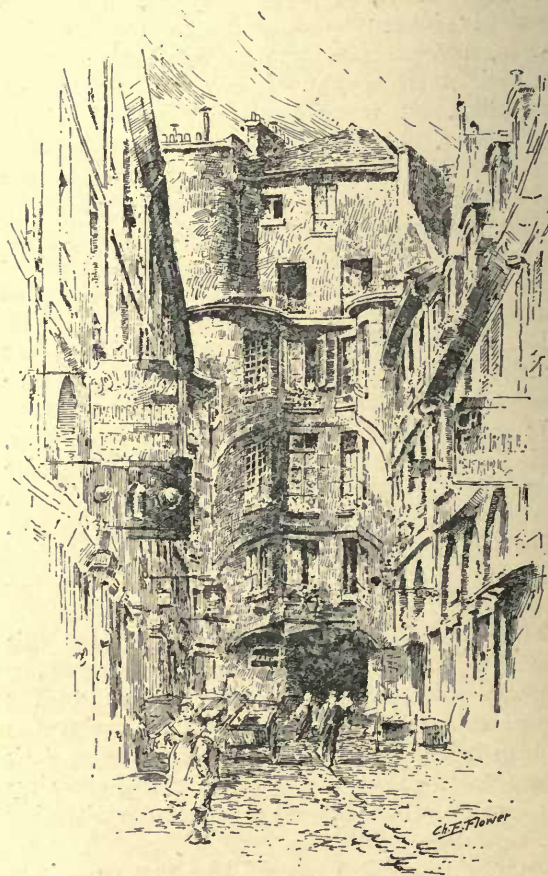
the classic front, black by contrast, towered to seemingly immeasurable heights. The flanking towers, the cornices and parapets alone were outlined in the gloom. It was impressive—but forbidding. It is 18th century work. Of its two towers, one remains unfinished. Some day you may wish to visit the interior. It possesses one of the finest organs in Europe.

This is a specially ecclesiastical quarter: and formerly the Priests' seminary occupied nearly the whole of the Place. In 1906 the College was disbanded.

Leave the PLACE ST. SULPICE at this corner by the RUE BONAPARTE which brings you to the open PLACE ST. GERMAIN. Turn sharp round (L); and directly opposite, in the rue de Rennes, is the COUR DU DRAGON. You will recognize it by the great height of its entering archway, and the vigorously modelled dragon on the façade. I have an affectionate admiration for that arched opening. We often stopped—my wife and I—to gaze at that dear old dragon.

There is something at the other end of this court I want you to see: and as we walk about half way down, you will note that you are treading paving-stones of 18th century Paris, with the mid-road gutter of the period. Those dark shops at either side are, most of them, given up to a small iron trade: and this has been so during two centuries—and more.

From this point I should like you to gain a good definite impression of the house at the end. Those two stairway towers and the structure



COUR DU DRAGON

between, with its archway, form a picture of domestic architecture of Louis the Thirteenth's Paris not often to be found in so perfect a condition. Come back again and leave the court where you came in.

Over there is the profoundly interesting CHURCH OF ST. GERMAIN DES PRÉS on the other side of the PLACE ST. GERMAIN. Walk a little (L) to the fine statue of DIDEROT, and from this point take a good look at the church.

Of this building and its history one might write without ceasing. French historians have devoted numberless volumes to the subject. For the purpose of our wanderings, wherein we seek *simply to identify the landmarks of OLD-TIME PARIS, and to gain impressions for elaboration on subsequent occasions*, it must suffice to give the barest outline.

There are two Saints Germain known to Paris : as there are two churches of that name.

The Saint here concerned was, when he lived, Bishop of Paris : and this was when CHILDEBERT, son of CLOVIS, was King in the sixth century.

CHILDEBERT brought much spoil, including the "Tunic of St. Vincent," home from his wars in Spain. He built a church to receive it : and to St. Vincent that church was appropriately dedicated. When Bishop Germain died, he was buried here. Tradition has it that around his tomb many miraculous cures of the sick were performed. The Bishop was Sainted : and the Church, forsaking its original patron, took the name of the canonised Bishop.

To distinguish this from another church of the same name, already existing at a point nearer to the city, this one was called ST. GERMAIN DES PRÉS—St. Germain-in-the-Fields.

Around Childebert's church grew up a big, powerful, rich monastery.

And time went on : and those terrible Norsemen began to make their irresistible rushes along the countries of Western Europe. In 886 they laid close siege to Paris to such good purpose that CHARLES the FAT purchased an ignominious Peace : and this notwithstanding the fact that his burgesses, commanded by the gallant EUDES, and GOZLIN, the fighting Bishop, had held the Northmen outside the walls to the end. When the marauders departed, it was found they had laid the Abbey and church in ruins.

This was in the Dark Ages : but another era was now not far distant.

With the opening of the eleventh century came, like a fertilizing flood slow-creeping upon a parched world, the enthusiasm and devotion of the MIDDLE AGES. St. Germain-des-Prés was rebuilt : and a part of the nave of that church you see on the other side of the Place, is the work of men who laid the stones in the first decade of the eleventh century.

The monastery again arose around it, and was fortified like a city. Much has been demolished since that time : the Abbey has disappeared, but the church has been several times restored. It remains today the oldest in Paris.

From whatever point of view, it is picturesque.

That old tower with Romanesque windows and curious superstructure would never be taken as



ST. GERMAIN DES PRÉS

a model by any latterday architect: and yet it is instinct with character, inspiration and charm.

Come to this church again some day : inside and out it has much to offer of absorbing interest to architect, archæologist and historian.

Cross the Place now and walk along the (L) side of the wide BOULEVARD ST. GERMAIN with the church on your (L). Look again at the exterior of the building in passing, and turn once more for a moment to get another impression of that unique tower and stunted spire from this side. It is an impression that clings.

There are some characteristic streets of Old-Time Paris opening on your (L) as you go Eastward along the boulevard St. Germain. Just give a look at them in passing : for instance the rues :—*Petite Boucherie, Echaudé, de Seine, de Grégoire de Tours*. And lastly the *rue de l'Ancienne Comédie* ; at the far end of which you can see the dome of the INSTITUT DE FRANCE.

Here we are once more at DANTON's statue. Look at it. This vigorous presentment of the intrepid Revolutionist will help you to realize the personality of the man who in France's hour of darkest danger, September, 1792, rallied the wavering courage of the Assembly—"Now is the time to prove that PARIS is worthy of FRANCE ! * * * De l'Audace ! Encore de l'Audace !! et Toujours de l'AUDACE !!!"

Six months later, on the very spot where stands that bronze, and where then stood DANTON's house, he was arrested by order of ROBESPIERRE. Charged with a leaning towards Moderation, he was imprisoned at the Luxembourg, and, with DESMOULINS, was guillotined !

Facing the statue is a high doorway with the legend, "Cour de Commerce" in bold characters above it. Come with me into this passage, for it breathes the very spirit of 1789. A few yards within is No. 8 (the numeral of this house, and that of No. 9 have been removed, and shutters put up since I first described these places in 1907), a printing-house during the Revolution. Here was printed MARAT's fiery sheet, "L'Ami du Peuple." No. 9 over the way, Durel's Library, has gruesome reminiscences. At the time when Monsieur Guillotin was developing and perfecting his decapitating machine, it was here that he experimented upon sheep!

On the (R) side a little way further is a locksmith's workshop. This afternoon (19th Feb., 1925) I made a special visit to this shop to see a bit of masonry—solid masonry over 700 years old—a bit of the wall of fortified Paris built by Philippe Auguste. It serves as part of an inner wall. That visit brought the added pleasure of a few minutes' illuminating conversation with the young proprietor. Turn (R) here, through a rather forbidding gateway into the "COUR DE ROUEN." Hereabouts, once upon a time, was the town house of the Archbishop of Rouen. Long before that, a garden belonging to Louis the Eleventh's physician stood here: which garden was made on the ruins of the city wall of Philippe-Auguste.

Bearing now a little (R) we come upon a house built over an arch, under which the road passes. That house evokes thoughts of still another

picturesque period in the history of France. Henri II built it : and his sweetheart, DIANE de POITIERS lived in it. Go through the arch and from the other side turn to look at this same house. The surroundings are now of a sordid character, but do not wholly destroy the conviction that this dwelling must have seen better days.

We must go right through this irregular court and come out of it into the narrow *rue du Jardin* : thence sharp round (L) into the *rue de l'Eperon*. Onwards, passing (R) the *rue du Serpente* and the *rue Suger*, till the *rue St. André des Arts* is met at right angles.

Here turn (L) : then (R) into the narrow *Rue des Grands Augustins*.

Pass the police station (R), *rue Christine* (L), *rue de Savoie* (R) and, opposite the opening of the *rue du Pont-de-Lodi* (L) is No. 7 (R), known as the HÔTEL D'HERCULE. This title has no other meaning than that the house contains—or until recently contained—some remarkable paintings and tapestry, dealing with mythological subjects. It was built by LOUIS XI, or during his time : and it was bought later by CHARLES VIII. Those stained walls have been looking down into that little courtyard through the space of more than four centuries.

Fifty yards more, and you are in touch with the river once again—on the QUAI DES GRANDS AUGUSTINS. Turn (L). A hundred yards further is the PONT NEUF. Don't be tempted to stray on to this fascinating structure, for it has a curious faculty of detaining one—a lurking

tradition of its early associations. Pass therefore determinedly along past its rising roadway to the QUAI CONTI.

I am afraid you must avoid also the allurements of those little boxes of merchandise on the quay just now. For miles on this side of the river these little cases of goods are ranged on the parapet. Just hereabout, the Numismatist is much in evidence: and there are also precious stones from the Indies—and elsewhere. Further along, and away back up-river, the second-hand bookseller and the dealer in curiosities occupy the greater part of the line.

Given a sunny day in June or late September, an absence of wind, a dry pavement, abundant leisure, a few spare francs in your pocket—and a pipe: you may wile away the hours pleasantly in a leisurely stroll along the Southern bank between the *Pont de l'Archevêché* and the *Pont Royal*. From time to time you may find a treasure at a cheap price: but the Paris *bouquiniste* of the quays is a better judge of his goods than is the London barrow-merchant.

Pass the next big building on your (L): it is the Mint—*Hôtel de la Monnaie*. Then the line of buildings recedes considerably.

You may note the first house, No. 13: and the window nearest the angle on the third storey. BONAPARTE, as a young Lieutenant, lodged in that room. In 1784, a boy of fifteen, he came to Paris, one of a batch of cadets fresh from the preparatory military school of Brienne. Exactly twenty years afterwards, he was crowned in

Notre Dame, EMPEROR of the FRENCH ! That very ordinary window is not without interest.

You are getting near to your journey's end. A little way on, and again on your (L.) is a domed building in which the writer always feels a great interest,—the INSTITUT DE FRANCE.

Many hard things have been said of it as a piece of architecture. It has been called clumsy : perhaps it is. It has, however, a delightful colouring, the legacy of Time ; though it is not so very old. And this colouring is a distinction in itself, in a country where generally speaking, an Englishman misses the browns and reds and greys which in his own land soften the scarred masonry of Ages gone by.

MAZARIN built it as a college for the education of sons of gentlemen from the four provinces then recently added to the French Kingdom. These provinces were acquired from Germany, Italy, Spain and the Low Countries. And so Mazarin called it the "College of the Four Nations." The Revolution came later : and there was a great demand for Prisons ! This college of Mazarin was appropriated, amongst other institutions, for the purpose.

Close on the heels of the Republic came NAPOLEON : and in 1805 he gave this building to the five learned Societies of France—the ACADEMIES. And under the new regime it changed its name and became the INSTITUT DE FRANCE. So it remains.

Look down upon it from the steps of the PONT DES ARTS (opposite). I confess I love that long,

low, "clumsy," warm-complexioned home of the IMMORTALS, with its wide-extended, welcoming arms, and its dome against the Southern sky.

With your back to the Institute, cross the foot-bridge. Tarry a moment half way over, and look East (up-stream) at the island of the City and the well-known land-marks on the North bank.

For a hundred years this has been a chosen camping-place for the man with the palette and canvas. If some day, in the afternoon, you are near by, an hour or so before Sunset, come to this bridge again and look at that island-picture in the evening light. It has been painted a thousand times, and its beauty never palls!

There is one thing more beautiful than the Summer Sunset in Paris—SUNRISE!—Any fine morning from late May to late August will do. One good point of observation is the *Carrefour de l'Observatoire*: and when the warm rose-tints touch the milk-white dome of SACRÉ-CŒUR away over on the Northern hill, the watcher on *Montparnasse* will be glad he was abroad at Sunrise!

On over the bridge, and we are on the QUAI DU LOUVRE. Follow the tram lines to the (R) and round the first opening (L) into the RUE DU LOUVRE. Walk along the principal façade of the palace until your steps bring you to the wide central approach to that vast building.

At this point turn your back upon it for a moment. Facing you then, a little to the (R) is

the old Church of ST. GERMAIN L'AUXERROIS. Founded, like *St. Germain-des-Prés*, in the sixth century, the present structure dates from the twelfth, and was originally the Chapel attached to the Old Louvre. That building on a level with it, but beyond the tower to your (L), is the Mairie of the arrondissement, a modern structure erected with an idea of "matching" the church. It need not be pointed out what a failure it is: nor what a glaring exception it affords to the generally good taste shown by French architects in such matters. You are advised to make a note to visit this church another day.

One word as to the LOUVRE. The present palace is the sum total of the work of many hands. The original château of PHILIPPE-AUGUSTE was a mediaeval stronghold. It was of much smaller dimensions than this conglomerate edifice. You will see a tracing on the pavement in the first court, outlining the site of its foundations. In the enthusiasm of the Renaissance, FRANCIS I razed Philip's castle to the ground: and began this present palace upon lines of the newly-found Art. Francis and his successors are responsible for the strange medley of styles (some positively non-descript) which today characterise the collection of units constituting "THE LOUVRE."

There is much in its structure that is very beautiful: and not a little, chiefly of later date, which not even the most patriotic Parisian would hesitate to admit as being inexpressibly vulgar.

This Eastern façade, the work of Perrault, is of the time of LOUIS XIV. Though it is not in keeping with much of earlier date which you will see in the first court and on the quay: yet, taken by itself, it is not wanting in simple classic dignity and grace.

There is an excellent coloured plan of the Louvre in Baedeker, explanatory of its chronology.

To study the fabric of the Louvre from architectural and historical standpoints, is an undertaking fraught with a delight, growing commensurately with the time and thought given to the subject.

To embark upon a voyage amongst the treasures it contains is to enter upon a work of engrossing and bewildering fascination. None can ever hope to complete it.

But to have been in Paris, and not to have gained from personal observation some tangible impression of this vast storehouse of the world's Art, is to have rejected a priceless opportunity. For those who have leisure and can spend some hours of several days or weeks within its walls, a good guide-book is of great value. Grant Allen is in this respect a sympathetic and trusty pilot.

To those, and they are many, who, on a first visit to Paris, can give but one day to this undertaking, I would suggest the desirability of enlisting the services of a guide conversant with at least the topography of this maze. Where can such be found?

There are to be seen about the courts and

entrances of the Louvre every day, men who will offer, for a consideration, to conduct you through the galleries and give you a descriptive lecture on the journey.

To engage one of these men is to invest in a lottery. Some of them are intelligent, and have made a study of their subject within certain limits. A few indeed there are, and I speak from personal experience, whose knowledge of Art is something more than you would expect to find. Others whose utility is limited to seeing you don't get lost in the building : they can steer you through those miles of galleries—and indeed that is something you would have much difficulty in doing for yourself at the first trial, with even the best of written guide-books. In every case it is imperative that an understanding should be come to beforehand, as to the remuneration to be given.

As a simple road-book, this little work cannot take you beyond the entrance gate.

Within easy distance from here, you can obtain luncheon at any one of a dozen restaurants. Hôtel Duval, rue Montesquieu, (à la carte) not expensive. To reach this, take the little *Rue des Bons Enfants* at the back of the *Magasin du Louvre* : less than 100 yards up is the quite short *Rue Montesquieu* (R). Here is the chief *Restaurant Duval*.

FIFTH DAY

IT is a venerable neighbourhood we shall explore this morning in the MARAIS, a little Westward of the Place des Vosges. No Roman legacy, no trace of Meroving nor of Carloving will be found here. This marsh was almost untouched until the advent of the Middle Ages. At one spot on its South West boundary we certainly have records of an aforetime hermitage in a forest : this was in the seventh century. Of the Middle Ages there are some important survivals : and of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries many.

It would be tedious reading, if in this little book were set down every suggestive thing we come upon in the streets of the Marais. You will see them at almost every step. And once you get in touch with the genius of the quarter, and your eye begins to catch the odd corners, grotesque doorways, bulging windows out of drawing, top-heavy gables, and all the thousand and one bits of " long-ago " that look out upon you passing, your imagination will be attuned to your environment ; and it would not startle you to encounter a group of citizens in doublet and hose, or find yourself making way for a couple of armed swashbucklers in panache and spurs shouldering out from the low-browed doorway of a tavern.

This is our route :—

Rues :—Vieille-du-Temple, Debelleyne, de Thorigny, du Parc Royal, de Sévigné, des Francs-Bourgeois, Pavée, des Archives, des Haudriettes, du Temple, des Blancs-Manteaux, de la Verrerie, St. Martin.

Starting-place :—RUE VIEILLE-DU-TEMPLE, where it touches the Rue de Rivoli.

Metropolitan station :—Hôtel-de-Ville. Walk from this station along the Rue de Rivoli, Eastwards, leaving the Hôtel-de-Ville behind (R) : past the Caserne and the Mairie (R). Immediately at the end of the Mairie you find (L) the RUE VIEILLE-DU-TEMPLE.

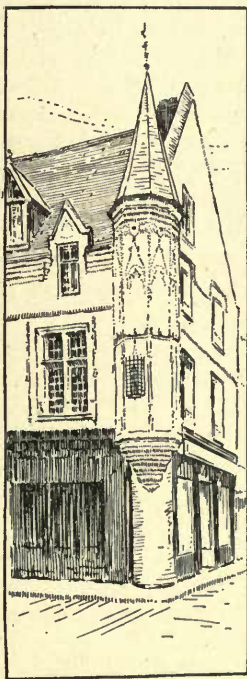
Along the Rue Vieille-du-Temple, then, walking along the (R) side of the street.

No. 47 (L) is the HÔTEL DE HOLLANDE, built in the reign of Louis XIII (1638) as an official residence for the Dutch Ambassador. This fact at once gives you a keynote as to the importance of the district as late as the seventeenth century. Those doors are good to look upon in their solidity and with the excellence of their carving. No special care is taken of this work : yet it has stood the stress of time through more than two and a half centuries.

There are two courtyards : you may enter them for a moment if you wish.

Pass the market on your (R). At the corner of the second street after this (*Rue des Francs-Bourgeois*) is a beautiful mediæval house, No. 54, one of the prettiest corners in Old-Time Paris.

You will be specially attracted by the very elegant Gothic Turret with pointed roof placed at the angle. Don't miss its old barred window. This gives the little tower its sense of human-



NO. 54, RUE VIEILLE-DU-TEMPLE

ness ; a mocking, mediæval eye watching from behind that grille the banalities of the street in a later and prosaic Age. It has been watching

nearly four centuries ! Francis I was king when that house was made (1528). Harry VIII of England was juggling between his cousin of France and Charles Quint. And while Luther thundered his " protestation " at the church door, Rabelais, monk, physician, curé of Meudon, with his tongue in his cheek scolded the follies of a new-born Age.

The fortunes of the house are changed : and today the workman of the quarter drinks his thin wine in the café on the ground floor.

Keep steadily on in the *rue Vielle du Temple* : and presently after passing one more street on the (R), *Rue Barbette*, you come to an enormous recessed doorway, No. 87 on the (L),—HÔTEL DE ROHAN. As you see it today it is a government printing-house.

It is a commentary upon the order of things obtaining but little more than a century ago in Paris, and indeed in Christendom generally that at their origin so many of these sumptuous houses were designed for the entertainment of ecclesiastical dignitaries. Here is another instance.

The HÔTEL DE ROHAN was built for the Bishops of Strasbourg : the last of whom, Cardinal Rohan, was involved in the notorious scandal of the diamond necklace.

Some of the salons in this magnificent house are still shown : and you may gain admission almost any day on presentation of your visiting card. The mural paintings are fairly well preserved. The house was erected in 1712.

Note the prodigious size and strength of this

street door. It is a marked example of the prevalent custom here. This is no flimsy barrier to keep out mendicants and stray dogs: but a veritable fortress built to withstand a siege in troublous times. And the tradition holds good today, even in modern Paris. The house door once closed, the place is fortified. No open area nor little terraced garden: no sheltering porch to give relief to the street front of a Paris house. The door is flush with the footway. You are outside, or you are inside! A rifle volley from a company of infantry will sweep the street: not a niche, not a pillar to give shelter to a crouching fugitive. The walls of a fortified city, such as is Paris, beget the fashion of fortification in the dwellings of her citizens.

The third street on the (R) from here is the RUE DEBELLEYME: take this, and again the first on the (R), RUE DE THORIGNY, where at some distance down on the (R), just past the *rue des Coutures-St. Gervais*, is No. 5, the HÔTEL SALÉ, occupied by Monsieur Vian, a merchant in Bronzes. This gentleman will sometimes permit visitors to see the more interesting parts of the house. Application should be made on the day chosen, at the door in the street you have just passed (*Rue des Coutures*).

This is an eighteenth century house erected by a government official who had amassed a fortune in farming the salt-tax: hence the irony of the name given to the place by popular consent—"HÔTEL SALÉ."

On past the front of the house, and take the next irregular opening on the (L), across which you see the RUE DU PARC-ROYAL. This you follow past the *Rue Payenne* to the RUE DE SÉVIGNÉ (R), and there turn down, walking on the (L) in order that you may the better see at first the HÔTEL CARNAVALET (No. 23) on the opposite side.

(On your way you will see rising beyond the end of the street, the dome of the church of St. Louis and St. Paul in the *Rue St. Antoine*).

Approach the open gateway of the HÔTEL CARNAVALET, and go up to the barrier: over it is seen one of the courts. In the middle is a fine bronze statue of Louis XIV—LE GRAND MONARQUE: this good piece of work escaped destruction in its original situation at the Hôtel-de-Ville, when that building was burnt down by the Commune in 1871.

In this admirable court the four sculptures on the façade facing you, representing the "Four Seasons," are from the chisel of that characteristic Artist of the Renaissance, JEAN GOUJON, born in 1515, the year of accession of Francis I. It was very fitting that the greatest of Renaissance sculptors should first see the light on the day of coming to power of that monarch under whose fostering care the Art of the Renaissance took root and expanded in France. It has been well said that JEAN GOUJON's work is "modern in sentiment, antique in character and soberness of expression."

The façade on the (L) side of the court is the

least altered from its early state. Notice the masks over the windows. The building was completed in 1550: but it is not quite as it was then left. It was enlarged in 1660 by the elder Mansard, who designed the principal façade in this street.

Take the next turning to the (R), RUE DES FRANCS-BOURGEOIS, where you find another gateway (R) closed by a fine modern grille.

MADAME SÉVIGNÉ, the incomparable letter-writer, lived here for nearly twenty years. The name by which the house is known comes from that of a former owner of the place in 1600. Since the war of 1871, the house has been arranged as a "museum of the City of Paris." It is well worth visiting when you have leisure: and is open daily, except on Mondays and holidays.

A little further on, a square turret catches the eye at the corner of the RUE PAVÉE, over the way. Granted there is nothing remarkable in its design, and that it aspires to no special classification in architecture: yet it is eminently pleasing, satisfying to the eye, and in perfect agreement with its situation. Like most of the turrets placed at salient points of the house in the sixteenth century, it was not simply an adornment: it had a use—to enable the resident to see round the corner! It was very useful in the sixteenth century to be able to see round the corner!

Turn down that little RUE PAVÉE for a moment and enter the first big gateway, another monu-

mental door, on the (L), No. 24, the HÔTEL LAMOIGNON.

This is another example of the many stately mansions with spacious courtyards erected in the Marais during the 16th and 17th centuries, and now cut up into little *appartements*. I had occasion to call upon a friend living there and found many evidences of its erstwhile grandeur. Lofty panelled rooms with richly decorated ceiling and frieze: oak stairs with balusters of wrought ironwork, albeit the well worn steps were becoming tilted out of the level by reason of decay of the supports.

The lodge at your (L) appropriated to the concierge, and the nondescript structure to your (R) are too evidently only irreverent later additions, painfully spoiling the beauty of the court.

The house takes its name from Guillaume Lamoignon, a president of the Paris *Parlement*. Before and since that time it has had other illustrious tenants. Malesherbes, the counsel who defended Louis XVI was born here. Later still was established in this house the first public library in Paris.

On leaving the courtyard, turn back about ten yards into the RUE DES FRANCS-BOURGEOIS once more: and continue in that street to your (L), away from the square turret.

Look now for the gateway of No. 30, another sixteenth century house on the (R) side of the street. That house carries the character of its century better than almost any we have seen. And it was an important dwelling in its day:

for it was here that Henri Quatre lodged the beautiful Gabrielle d'Estrées. During the Revolution it was occupied by Barras, who later became a member of the Directory.

Still a little further on that same side, at No. 38, is a sort of court or blind alley, of interest if only for its haphazard construction and old-world appearance. But it grips the imagination also from a grim bit of history attaching to it. For here, five hundred years ago, on a dark November night in 1407, the Duke of Orléans, brother of the king, Charles VI, on leaving the Queen's lodging in the Hôtel Barbette, was assassinated by the redoubtable Duke of Burgundy, Jean-Sans-Peur.

The doors closing this *impasse* are not always open: see the place if you can; it is a sombre, suggestive corner. At my last visit (Feb. 1925) the crazy doors were closed and fast. There was a keyhole: but—*Jean-Sans-Peur* was about, and I just walked away.

Further on we come once more upon the house of the Gothic Turret at the intersection of the *Rue Vieille-du-Temple*. Cross over into the continuation of the *Rue des Francs-Bourgeois*. We have two or three hundred yards' walk now; then we reach an imposing, recessed entrance with classic columns on the (R). This is No. 60, known as the HÔTEL SOUBISE.

Go up to the barrier in the doorway and see the courtyard with colonnade on either hand leading to the house, its classic front and formal garden. Just over the further left-hand angle

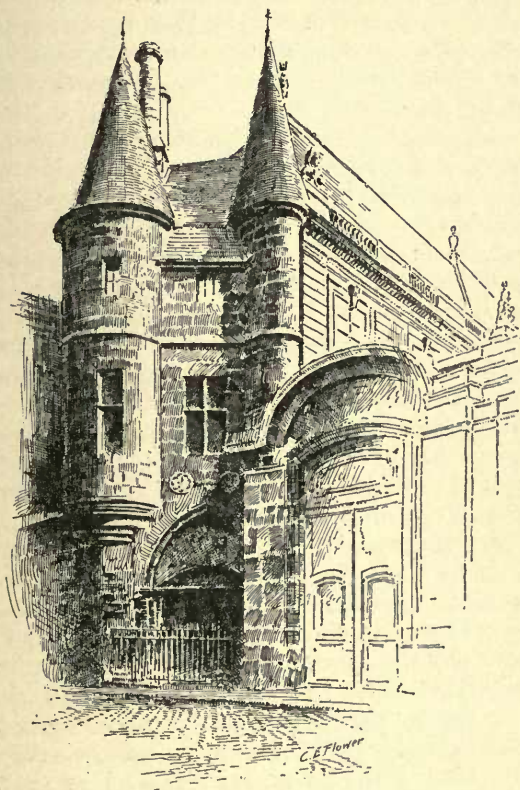
of the building, you catch a glimpse of the apices of two mediæval towers which flank what was originally the main gateway. We shall see these towers to better advantage, and the old gateway presently.

Those turrets date from 1358, two years after the victory of the Black Prince at Poitiers, where he took prisoner the French King John. The house then existing here was the residence of the Commander-in-Chief of the French forces, Olivier de Clisson, Constable of France. Later it was in the possession of the ducal family of de Guise. In the 18th century nearly the whole of the original was demolished, leaving happily that ancient gateway. The present building was erected by the Prince de Soubise in 1740.

At the Revolution it shared the common fate of half a hundred other important mansions, and was sacked. The First Republic took possession of it, and today it is the Depository of the Archives.

To get a closer view of the original gateway, turn (R) into the RUE DES ARCHIVES at the first corner. Walk on the (L) side of the street, and on arriving at a widening of the roadway you are opposite No. 58, the picturesque PORTE CLISSON, crowned by those towers of 1358.

Here is the dominant French style of the Middle Ages: a style made familiar to us by the Art of Gustave Doré, who revelled in the rounded turrets, the conical roofs, grotesque gables, dwarf posterns and frowning portals of a crowded, fortified city. This doorway once seen, the tangible reality of this fourteenth century survival



PORTE CLISSON

once comprehended as an actuality, as opposed to the fanciful imaginings of Art, we shall have gained the faculty of a more intense enjoyment of the numberless drawings of like subjects, the work chiefly of French Artists, of whom Doré was the type.

Leaving this exquisite vignette, and following still the Rue des Archives, with the lofty, windowless Northern wing of the *Hôtel Soubise* on our (R), we arrive at cross streets : to the (R) the *Rue des Quatre-Fils* : to the (L) the RUE DES HAUDRIETTES, which we take. At the moment of turning let me point out that fountain at the corner (L), adorned with a graceful bas-relief, a Naiad chiselled in stone. It is early eighteenth century work, and in its general treatment suggests a belated Jean Goujon. It will gain upon you by giving it a few moments' leisurely attention : the graceful drawing of the back and shoulder in an unusual pose will appeal to the lover of purity of outline.

The first cross-street is the RUE DU TEMPLE. Before we turn (L) to follow our plan, just one word about the other end of it.

Away up to your (R), this long street leads to the *Square du Temple*, where stood until 1811 the great "Tower of the Temple," built six hundred years before, during the Fourth Crusade. It was in the Keep of the Temple that Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette were imprisoned in 1792. Their little son who should afterwards have been Louis XVII, died there—so it is generally thought. This explains the curious anomaly that in the History of France, though of the Louis there

appear a XVI and an XVIII, there is no mention of a Louis XVII. There is now nothing to be seen on the site of the Old-Time Temple but a spacious garden, embellished by a central statue of Béranger in a realistic frock-coat.

Now to the (L) down the street of the Temple in the direction of the river once more. We never get far away from the Seine in mediaeval Paris.

No. 79 (R), well deserving a minute: the big, well moulded heads on the gates; the upper structures at each side, 17th century.

No. 71, another stately structure in a forgotten street. This HÔTEL ST. AIGNAN, taking its name from that of a Duke who lived here, is work of the seventeenth century. One gets at length accustomed to see here the splendid mansions of the far-away yesterdays cut up into trade premises. But this utilitarian occupation, and even the atrocity of those hideous stables thrown up on the (L) of the courtyard, does not wholly conceal the beauty of this house. Greek pilasters have many a time only brought ridicule upon some ambitious effort in domestic architecture. Here, I think you will agree, they are singularly harmonious. The three upper storeys, of course, are a later addition; utility, crude, blind utility.

In leaving the court you should look at the grandly modelled doors: their ironwork is original—and apparently imperishable!

Cross now the wide *Rue Rambuteau* and take the next turning (L) into the RUE-DES-BLANCS-MANTEAUX, a name reminiscent of the Order of Mendicant Brothers, whose dress was a long

white robe, established in this street in the 13th century.

There is very little more walking to do now. Take the next opening (R) into the RUE DES ARCHIVES once more.

A few hundred yards down (L) is No. 24, a small door just on this side of a church. Ring the bell: open the door (it sticks sometimes and you might imagine it locked) and enter. You are in a passage, with the concierge's lodge on the (L). The passage terminates in a well preserved 15th century Gothic cloister, of no great beauty, heretofore belonging to the monastery of the Billettes. You will encounter no cowed monk nor shaven priest: the first time I went into that secluded cloister the only occupant was a middle-aged gentleman washing out wine bottles.

But for this cloister and the church next door, all traces of the monastery have disappeared. And the church itself was only a late addition to the monastery, having replaced an older chapel. It is now devoted to the Protestant cult. When you have seen this little cloister, you may leave without entering the church which has nothing of special interest.

Cross the street here: and in crossing, notice a good view of the dome of the Panthéon away up on the hill over the river to the South (L).

First street (R), RUE DE LA VERRERIE. Follow this. Cross the *Rue du Temple*: also a little further on the *Rue du Renard* (capital view of the towers of Notre Dame (L)).

Our street, RUE DE LA VERRERIE, now gradually narrows. Pass the little *Rue St. Bon* (L) : then the first opening (R) brings you into the RUE ST. MARTIN, and in a few yards to the principal façade of the CHURCH OF ST. MERRI (R).

It is a very old Paris you are in at this moment. This narrow street is the ancient Roman road-way out from the city to the Northern provinces.

Not a few stirring pages of French history have been made here. The struggles between Armagnacs and Burgundians in Paris were largely fought out here in the 15th century. It was in the neighbourhood of this church too, that occurred one of the fiercest street fights during an insurrection in the time of Louis-Philippe (June 1832). Fifty or sixty yards further on, at the opening of the Rue Aubrey-le-Boucher, was thrown up a memorable barricade. Marshal Soult had much to do to overcome the frenzied resistance of the 130 men who held it.

The history of this Gothic Church is shortly this. In the seventh century a forest stood here : in the forest a little chapel dedicated to S. Peter. Here came Abbot MERRI of Autun on a pilgrimage. Instead of returning to Autun, he built himself a hermitage close by the chapel ; lived in seclusion, and died in 700. They buried him in the chapel of S. Peter.

Legends of his sanctity and of miracles performed about his tomb abounded in the country around. He was canonised : and the chapel was called by his name, ST. MERRI.

After the successful resistance of the Norman pirates when they besieged Paris in 886, EUDES (or ODO), the governor of the city, took down the little chapel and, on the same ground built a new church to ST. MERRI. Here in his turn ODO himself was buried.

Six hundred years afterwards, in 1520, when Francis I. was king, ODO's church was pulled down to make room for this church you see now. *The remains of the gallant founder EUDES, "were discovered in a stone coffin, the bones of his legs and feet being still shod in his gilt leathern boots. The coffin was reburied in the choir."* It should be added that the remains of the old hermit-Abbot, ST. MERRI, are also still preserved in a shrine in the crypt!

The description of the building does not lie within the scope of this road-guide. But some day you should come here again and see it in detail. There is some good stained glass: but there are also extensive traces of the havoc wrought by eighteenth century architects.

In the large chapel on the South side of the nave are two stone reliefs high up over doorways, which have a pleasing effect. But this is for another day.

Our wanderings are over for this morning. As you face the front of the church, the RUE DE RIVOLI will be reached in sixty or seventy yards' walk to the (R). And there you will be close to the TOUR ST. JACQUES and the PLACE DU CHATELET. Taxis and omnibuses abound, and the

Châtelet station of the Metropolitan is close to.

If you turn (R) on reaching the *Rue de Rivoli*, leaving the *Tour St. Jacques* on your (L), just past the garden is the *Place du Châtelet* (L) with the Taverne Dreher for luncheon. Or a little way further along the *Rue de Rivoli* you will come to a "Duval": it is at the corner of the *Rue du Pont Neuf*.

But here, of course, you are within ten minutes' drive of a hundred good restaurants.

One should always remember, however, that for a *déjeuner à prix fixe* it is important to be at table not later than 12.15! If your walk has been unduly prolonged by *visits to interiors*, and you are thereby too late for *table d'hôte*, you must have recourse to one of the numerous restaurants *à la carte*. The *Duval* is always *à la carte*.

SIXTH DAY

ROUTE :—

Rue St. Denis, Square des Innocents, Rues :—Berger, Aubrey-le-Boucher, Quincampoix, de Venise, St. Martin ; Square des Arts-et-Métiers, Rue du Caire, Place du Caire, Rues :—Damiette, du Nil, des Petits-Carreaux, Montorgueil, Etienne-Marcel, Française, de Turbigo, Oblin, de Viarmes, du Louvre.

Starting-place :—RUE ST. DENIS, at its beginning in the Rue de Rivoli.

Metropolitan Station :—CHATELET, from which walk East along the RUE DE RIVOLI in the direction of the Tour St. Jacques, but only about 20 or 30 yards. Here two streets open together into the Rue de Rivoli (L). The RUE ST. DENIS is one of these.

The Marquis de Rochegude says this street, in the Middle-Ages was "the handsomest, the longest and the richest in all Paris." Today it retains its great length ; its beauty is somewhat impaired, and its material riches are not obvious. Nevertheless we take it : and in wending our way along part of its narrow length we shall see some still narrower byways leaving it at right angles.

The third on your (L) is the *Rue de la Ferronnerie*. You need not enter it. It is associated with a great calamity. Just in front of a house which stood where is now No. 8, HENRI QUATRE

was murdered by Ravailiac whilst the King was on his way to call upon the faithful SULLY lying ill.

Follow along the *Rue St. Denis* until you arrive at the SQUARE DES INNOCENTS, recognised by its garden adorned by the well-known FOUNTAIN OF THE INNOCENTS.

You should enter the enclosure to get a closer view of the Fountain. It once stood against the wall of the Church of the Innocents, demolished in the 18th century. At that time this structure was not a fountain: the water supply has been added since its removal. It had originally only three sides visible. When it was isolated it was deemed only proper to give it a fourth face. The three original arcades had, however, been embellished by the sculptor, JEAN GOUJON. He was no longer available; and so an artist was found who undertook to imitate the style of Goujon's work, and thus complete the quadrilateral in harmony. Some little difference in Spirit in the carving of the side facing the *Rue des Innocents* makes me regard this as the fourth.

The Square was aforetime a graveyard—the CEMETERY OF THE INNOCENTS, where for six hundred years half the population of Paris was buried.

If some critical visitor be somewhat inclined to discount this statement, I would ask him to take into consideration the following facts:—Paris was then much smaller. The cemetery extended beyond the boundaries of the present square: and though the rich could command a

separate grave or vault, the bodies of the poor were placed together in enormous pits. "Each pit would contain as many as 1500 bodies. They were reached by deep shafts, closed by planks; two or three of such pits were always open. *Le Bon La Fontaine* was buried here on Thursday the 14th of April 1695. It was only in 1780 that the place was closed to burials, in consequence of the mephitic odour, dangerous to public health, which came from the saturated earth. The sexton Poutrain, a notorious drunkard, used to tell of ninety thousand burials in less than thirty years! The cemetery was then emptied and the charnel houses closed." I quote here M. Georges Cain.

The bones taken from here were conveyed to the disused stone quarries on the other side of the river: and there arranged in ghastly order along the passage. They so exist today: and thus are formed the so-called "Catacombs" of Paris.

Some of the old-time charnel houses are incorporated in the shops on the South side of the square: that side which is labelled *Rue des Innocents*. You may see the original vaulted structure of one of these at No. 7. Since I described it in 1907, it has been enclosed: but through the upper part of the window is just visible an indication of the vaulted roofing.

Georges Cain tells how, as late as the 18th century one would "encounter the *Clochetteur des Trépassés* (dead man's bellringer) in black hood and monkish gown, ornamented with death's

head and bones ; who rang an enormous bell, and in sepulchral tones called out during the night hours,

‘ Réveillez-vous, gens qui dormez !

‘ Priez Dieu pour les trépassés ! ’ ”

On the side of the square opposite to the Rue des Innocents is the RUE BERGER. Cross over to this and notice for a moment (L), the corner of the great markets—*Les Halles*. We shall see these from the other side soon. Follow the Rue Berger in the opposite direction, leaving the markets behind you, and having the garden with its fountain on your (R).

On leaving the square by the *Rue Berger*, you cross first the *Rue St. Denis*, then the broad modern *Boulevard de Sébastopol* ; and from this enter the RUE AUBREY-LE-BOUCHER on the other side. It has been “ *Rue Aubrey-le-Boucher* ” for over six hundred years !

Fifteen or twenty yards along this street see (R & L) the notorious RUE QUINCAMPOIX, an old, old street, the origin of whose name I have failed to discover.

The RUE QUINCAMPOIX is associated with 18th century Finance, and that not of an immaculate character ! During the Regency of Philippe d’Orleans, the Controller-General of Finance was a certain JOHN LAW (for some inscrutable reason pronounced by The French LASS) a Scot, born in Edinburgh. In the *Rue Quincampoix*, Law estab-

lished his Bank, and promoted his fateful "Company of the Indies."

Here in the open street a veritable stock exchange was extemporised: and rooms were let in the neighbouring houses at enormous sums for offices. Gallant gentlemen and Ladies fair, and ladies and gentlemen who were neither gallant nor fair, in association with professional financiers, filled the street: and gambling in stock—and in everything convertible into terms of money, was a ceaseless, riotous, absorbing occupation. A hunchback made a fortune by hiring out the slope of his shoulders for a desk in the roadway. Duels were numerous: suicides a commonplace, assassinations not unfrequent. The crash came: Law, escaping to Italy, died in poverty at Venice. His house was some distance up that part of the street to the (L), and was one of several removed in modern times to make way for the new *Rue Rambuteau*. Some day you might occupy a spare quarter of an hour in a leisurely walk through the entire length of this curious remnant of Old-Time Paris, the RUE QUINCAMPOIX.

Today take the section of it that was on your (L) as you approached it along the *Rue Aubrey-le-Boucher*. Weird, and after night-fall, uncanny enough it is in all conscience: nevertheless it is now honestly mercantile, and pales by comparison with the RUE DE VENISE which we shall come to a hundred yards or so further on.

There it is! at your (R). Look at it! The RUE DE VENISE! A cleft: a sombre, sinister

chasm riven in the mass of reeking habitations ! A low doorway here and there opening from it into—darkness !

One may walk along and, with extended arms, touch the grime stained walls of those dwellings on either side of the alley. Though the existing houses are of only the seventeenth century, the *Rue de Venise* was already a street in the fourteenth : and its evil countenance carries the tell-tale lines of hundreds of sordid years of life !

In the Middle Ages this was the usurers' alley : and when Law's financial madness held the citizens in grip, this choking gutter of a debauched humanity was the scene of numberless crimes of violence. Nowadays it is the home of the vagrant, the mendicant and the suspect : and in those houses, *hôtels de nuit*, when night comes on, the stray sheep of the quarter are gathered into fold.

Nevertheless, during the forenoon, *except on Sunday*, the interested explorer may, with circumspection, penetrate this alley from end to end.

Today we will negotiate it only as far as the RUE ST. MARTIN, 40 or 50 yards away. Arrived there, turn (L) : and make for that church tower in the distance, 500 yards or more.

This RUE ST. MARTIN is the old Roman road : and we are walking in a Northerly direction, away from the Seine. Behind us this old street stretches past the Church of St. Merri to the river, crossed there by the *Pont Notre Dame*. Thence still Southward, the road crosses the

island of the city to the *Petit Pont*: and is continued under the names of *Rue du Petit Pont* and *Rue St. Jaques*, away past the limitations of the Roman town on the way to the South, from whence Cæsar's troops first approached the city of the Parisii nearly 2,000 years ago.

Leaving Roman History and the river behind us, we make for the Church of ST. NICOLAS DES CHAMPS in the distance there on the (R) side of the street. Don't hurry too much in this walk: and take advantage of the opportunity to glance down the crazy ways and byways (R & L) in passing.

We cross two modern thoroughfares on our way: the *Rue Rambuteau* at right angles, and the *Rue de Turbigo* diagonally. Soon after crossing this, we arrive at the church which was our objective.

The Gothic Church of ST. NICOLAS DES CHAMPS was built in 1420 and enlarged in the 16th century. This newer work you will notice chiefly at the East end, but that work is without art or character.

Walk partly round the exterior on the South (nearer) side, to note—and deplore—an example of the unaccountable manner in which so many venerable churches in Paris, and in many towns in France, have been ruthlessly disfigured externally by the construction of stairways, sheds, lean-to's, sextons' lodgings and other utilitarian adjuncts, on the very fabric itself. Some of these have been removed since 1907.

Come back and continue your way Northward past the West front.

Turn (R) for a few yards in the new wide *Rue*

Réaumur, to see the South side and apse of what was once another church. This formed part of the old monastery of SAINT MARTIN DES CHAMPS : it dates from the 11th to the 13th centuries.

The monastery was suppressed at the Revolution (1790), and today the church, secularised, forms part of the *Conservatoire des Arts-et-Métiers*. At the present moment the aisles, nave and chapels are occupied by an exhibition of machinery.

Note well that rude square tower : and the remains of the romanesque apse, carefully copied in the newly restored portions at the East end.

Go back to the *Rue St. Martin* and turn (R), past the Western façade of this church, seen through the railings : and so into the *Square des Arts et Métiers*.

Here in the square is the main entrance of the Conservatoire (R) : enter the courtyard and turn sharp (R) where stands a remarkable Gothic building, once the Refectory of the Monks of ST. MARTIN DES CHAMPS.

It is thought to be the work of the architect, Montereau, who designed the SAINTE CHAPELLE of Louis IX. It is in these days utilised as a public library and readingroom. It may be entered by one of the two little doors (the first one) in the passage. Open the door and go in : after a few moments you will be accustomed to the subdued light. Except for its graceful proportions which are undeniable, it is not so attractive as the exterior : for there seems to have been some degree of modernising influence at work ;

the glass is modern, and the pillars are not quite 13th century.

The Conservatoire, a purely technical and educational institution, does not further interest us in our present quest: so, on leaving the Refectory, we will go out into the square again by the great gate.

Now cross the square immediately in front of the Gaiety Theatre (L): cross also the wide Boulevard de Sébastopol and enter the RUE DU CAIRE.

A walk of 200 or 300 yards, and presently you are in a small irregular triangle at the end of the street, PLACE DU CAIRE.

This at one time formed part of the domain of the Society of Truands; and down that little street (L), *Rue Damiette*, until but a few years ago, persisted a bit of waste ground, all that remained of the *Cour des Miracles*. I saw it in 1907. To-day part of that new brick building covers it.

From Victor Hugo, in his "Notre Dame," we get our best notion of what manner of place this was in earlier times. A fearsome lair, in the Middle Ages, of the mysterious brotherhood of professional mendicants: a school of systematic vagabondage and debauchery. Here cripples were manufactured for begging purposes: and deformities produced by individuals skilled in the horrible business. In this secluded corner of Old Paris were held nightly orgies of peripatetic malefactors assembled in the intervals between their raids on the town streets.

Of all this there remains nothing—happily

nothing. But it was not until the eighteenth century that this plague spot was purged.

Pass the opening of *Rue Damiette* and turn down *Rue du Nil* to the *Rue Réaumur*. Cross this into *Rue des Petits Carreaux*—a throng, some mornings, of *Marchands des Quatre Saisons*. This is continued in a straight line into the RUE MONTORGUEIL.

Down on the (L) of the *rue Montorgueil* you should look for No. 72 or No. 64. Both these passages lead into the same place, a spacious yard, belonging to the inn known by the sign of the 'COMPAS D'OR.'

It is just an inn yard. Nothing more. But it has been an inn yard for nearly four centuries! And that vast timbered shed over there was a shelter for coaches when inns were inns: when travellers were travellers!

The inn at the sign of the 'GOLDEN COMPASSES' offered good entertainment for man and beast when the mail-clad cavalry of Francis the First came jolting home from wars in Italy. It remained an inn when the Duke of Guise was wresting Calais from the English. This hostelry witnessed the massacre of ST. BARTHOLOMEW: entertained its quota of the Spanish soldiers who cut their way into Paris and relieved the town in the siege of 1589: and in deep cups of red wine acclaimed the entry into the Capital of Henry of Navarre. Bourbon cavaliers have held here their revels under four Louis. The last of all this was over a hundred years ago! And the old inn yard is here still!

The inn of today has degenerated into a drinking shop. And the traveller over the broad Land of France eats and sleeps his way in the cushioned alcoves of a *train de luxe*.

This ancient inn yard has a haunting charm. See how the corner of the old house at yonder angle near the gateway has been sliced off in the coaching days, to allow the big diligence to squeeze through into the street.

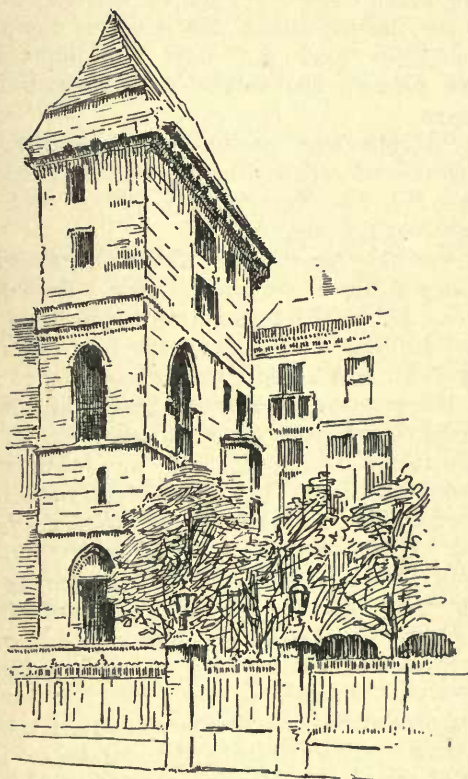
With a little imagination and a passing acquaintance with DUMAS and HUGO, one can invoke a pretty picture of the fussy departure of a team of Normandy horses on the first stage of a journey over the ratty, risky roads of pre-Napoleonic times : or of its clattering arrival over the cobbled streets in the dark hours of a Winter's morning, while the half-aroused bourgeois from his warm bed hears it pass and sleeps again.

And so, turning our back on the ancient *hangar*, we come out into the street, turn (L) and pass on our way.

Give a glance at the *Rue Marie Stuart* and the *Rue Tiquetonne* as you go by.

When you get to the RUE ETIENNE-MARCEL, a wider thoroughfare and modern, turn (L) about fifty yards : and just past the opening of the Rue Française there are some iron railings. Behind that fence there is something I want you to look at understandingly.

It is a big, grim rectangular tower ; not unlike, in general character, to the Tour de l'Horloge of the Conciergerie. This tower in the *Rue Etienne-Marcel* is known as the TOUR DE JEAN-SANS-PEUR.



TOUR DE JEAN-SANS-PEUR

It is all that remains of the HÔTEL DE BOURGOGNE, which was built in the 13th century : the said Jean having added this ferocious tower in 1405. These were the days of implacable rivalry between the Dukes of BURGUNDY and ORLÉANS.

The Middle Ages passing away towards the end of the fifteenth century, were succeeded by another era, less given perhaps to the trade of promiscuous fighting.

It was the Age of the RENAISSANCE, when Letters and the Arts were obtaining a footing in France. LOUIS XII began it on his return from Italy. FRANCIS I carried on the new order of things with a splendid disregard of cost : and with the progress of Letters, Stage-Plays were engaging the attention of the citizen.

The HÔTEL DE BOURGOGNE was used as a theatre : and in 1548, Passion-Plays were here enacted by the *Confrères de la Passion de Jésus Christ*. These were soon suppressed : and in 1556 the "Comedians of the *Hôtel de Bourgogne*" substituted "profane" plays. The "profanity" of the new comedies became however so marked that the Lord Chamberlain of the time found it necessary to interfere.

The dramatic genius of the place nevertheless was definitely established : for we know that some of the plays of CORNEILLE and of RACINE were played in the same house ; and that was as late as the 17th century.

Eventually this play-house was demolished : leaving fortunately its tower to recall to the

citizen of the Third Republic the lusty times of the Fighting Dukes of Burgundy.

Cross the street, and look at this splendid relic from that distance: there is no gainsaying the realistic air of mediævalism that old tower preserves!

Ten yards away on your (L) as you face the tower is the little *Rue Française* on the side of the *Rue Etienne-Marcel* opposite to that of the Tower. Take it: it is only fifty yards long, and at the end of it you are in one of the big modern ways of latter-day Paris, RUE DE TURBIGO.

Now to your (R), making for the POINTE ST. EUSTACHE, a hundred yards away, where you see that clock-faced barometer high up in the wall of a building directly ahead.

Here you are in front of the great provision market of Paris—*Les Halles Centrales*. Erected in 1851, it has no historic interest beyond the fact that it replaces by its own convenient, sanitary, ugly existence, the aforetime maze of individual markets in booths and sheds, on stalls and the pavement of little crooked streets which covered this area and beyond, right up to the time of the Second Republic.

As a study of a certain phase, and an important phase, of the life of a city where every ounce of food is taxed as it enters the gates, an energetic man might profitably come to this market about five o'clock on a Summer's morning. He would be interested as well as perhaps astonished at the preparations for feeding Paris for one day. I would, however, very strongly recommend my

friend in his explorations, not to obstruct the porters nor the fishwives—especially the fishwives !

We have very little more ground to cover now before the morning's work is finished. And by way of stimulating flagging energy, I can promise you a delight of no ordinary kind during a few minutes given to the church at your (R)—**SAINT EUSTACHE**.

It is not interesting on account of age, for it was not completed before the 17th century. There existed an earlier church here in the 13th century : that we know for certain. And it is probable that it dated from even long before that. That earlier church was dedicated to the memory of the ever lovable **SAINT AGNES**.

There is a charming description in detail of the traditions relating to **SAINT AGNES** and to **ST. EUSTACHE**, in Mrs. Beale's "Churches of Paris."

You might walk along the other side, near the markets, to see this South aspect of the edifice. Frankly, there is nothing of beauty outside.

St. Eustache was begun in 1532 : that was when Francis the First was King. The Renaissance spirit was spreading over France in abounding and increasing vigour. But the **GOTHIC** was not yet abandoned nor forgotten : and so we come to get this extraordinary combination of the new Classic with the deathless grace of the older style.

Such daring in design might well have resulted in monstrosity. It escaped this : and achieved nobleness in this exquisite hybrid, of whose beauty you will best judge when you see the interior.

Walk on to the main entrance at the other end. Would that one could enter without the shock of witnessing in this hideous pseudo-classic façade, what the 18th century was capable of when it attempted the grandiose. This pompous pillared porch was added when young Louis the Sixteenth was dreaming away the first few years of his fateful reign. Pass beneath it as quickly as you may and forget it.

A first entry into the church of ST. EUSTACHE is a vision never likely to be forgotten in a long life.

Once more your road-book must confess its limitations. It cannot deal with architectural description in detail. Even were it otherwise, I should lay down my pen in abject hopelessness of any worthy attempt to describe this unique temple.

I cannot, however, refrain from citing a few terse lines from Grant Allen, who, in pointing out its general effect, speaks of . . . "Renaissance architecture in a transitional state, *endeavouring vainly to free itself from the traditions of the Gothic*. In general plan, and in the combination of all its parts, it is in essence a GOTHIC CATHEDRAL; but its arches are round, and its detail and decorative work are all conceived in the classical spirit of the Renaissance."

My fanatic architectural soul—a 13th century soul—did positively chuckle when I detected a few—just a few *pointed* arches in the choir. The designer just couldn't help it there.

I would add that the grace of this interior

receives its crowning charm from the possession of wondrous properties of sound. No reduplication of bewildering echoes here to overlap and to confuse successive harmonies, as in many a great church in this and other lands : but when the solemn diapason of Gregorian chant is raised in tones austere, or from voice and string, trumpet and reed, the richer complex inspirations of a later age, the river of sound runs full-tide unimpeded through lofty slender-pillared aisles, filling the vastness of its galleried height, and with its overflow the hearts of worshippers. It is as if the church itself, this temple built with hands, this beauteous Being of man's creation had been vouchsafed divine endowment of a Soul !

Upon important festivals the musical services are rendered by singers from the Opera : when also the music of the great organ is reinforced by an orchestra of eminent instrumentalists.

When you come, as assuredly you will, another day, to spend a leisurely hour—or more—in examining this church, you will find one special charm, amongst others : as you wander around these aisles, you are constantly arrested by new vistas, new combinations of pillar and arch—an endless and fascinating variety in point of view.

Whether the glorious FACT of the CHURCH OF ST. EUSTACHE be the outcome of artistic inspiration, or an accident—a fortuitously happy, never-ending contest for supremacy between two opposed styles ; the FACT, happily for us, remains. To copy this unique achievement would be hopeless : there can never be another SAINT EUSTACHE !

Leave by the big West door : cross the road obliquely to the little RUE OBLIN (L) which brings up in a circular road—RUE DE VIARMES, surrounding the *Bourse de Commerce*. This building, not to be confused with "THE Bourse" at some distance from here, was erected on the site of a private palace built by CATHERINE DE MÉDICIS. Her astrologer, Ruggieri, predicted evil for her if she continued to occupy the Tuileries : and so strong was her reliance on the judgment of this necromancer, that she constructed a residence here. Nothing remains of it but a FLUTED COLUMN, containing a hidden stairway, whereby the Queen and her Mystic from time to time ascended to an elevated platform at the summit to consult the stars !

Follow the street to the (L) round the central building ; and you will at length find this column, dumb yet eloquent witness to a Queen's superstition. The fountain which now occupies its base, was constructed in the 18th century.

Passing this by, you will still follow the circular street until, through a wide opening, you are delivered into the RUE DU LOUVRE.

You are now on familiar ground : but if you want luncheon quickly, cross the street to the *Rue Jean Jacques Rousseau* (L), *Passage Véro Dodat* (R) and its continuation, *Rue Montesquieu* where is the *Duval* in chief.

During our six mornings we have wandered together through five special quarters of Old Time Paris.

First we saw the ISLAND OF THE CITY, the very birthplace of the French Capital, and its younger neighbour, the Island of St. Louis. Then, not in chronological sequence, but because it is richer in survivals of its first period, we penetrated THE MARAIS in its Eastern part, completing its exploration on the fifth day. The third morning was given over to the LATIN QUARTER, a neighbourhood coming next in point of antiquity to the island and still preserving in its Eastern district substantial remains of Roman work. On the fourth day we saw something more of the quarter of the schools; and passing through several of the more interesting streets North and South of the BOULEVARD ST. GERMAIN, finished the morning at the gate of the LOUVRE. The sixth and last day was devoted to the neighbourhoods bordering on the old roads of ST. DENIS and ST. MARTIN.

That the book contains faults, no one is more conscious than the Author: but those faults will, it is hoped, be found to be chiefly those of omission.

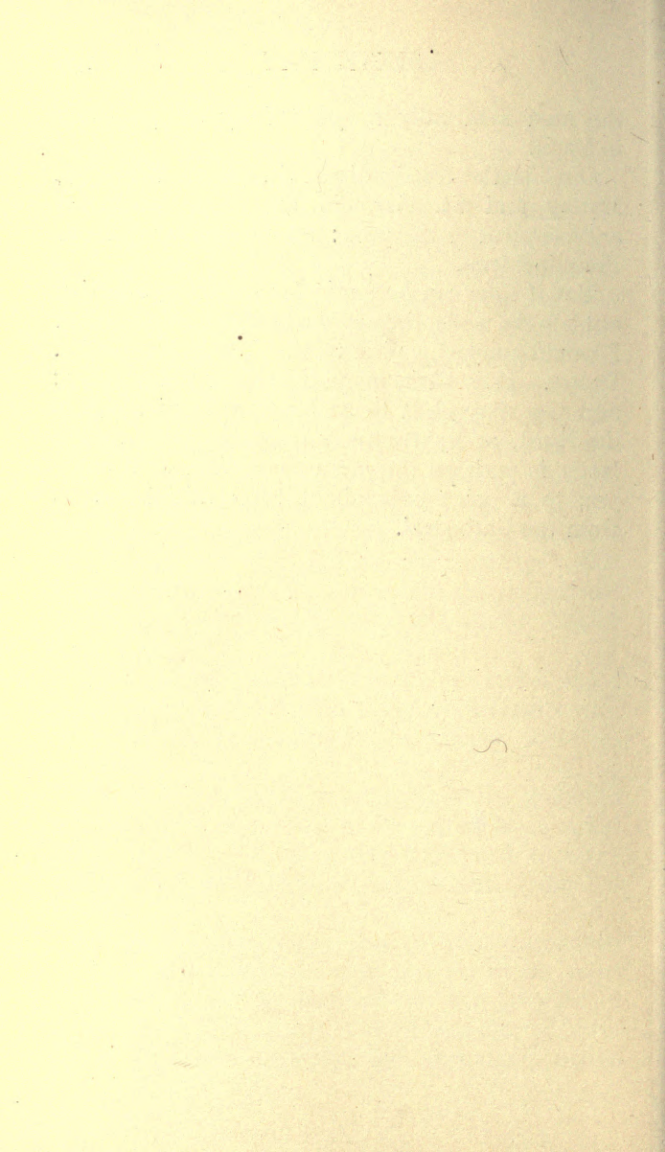
To have attempted a comprehensive guide to *all* that remains in Paris of its earlier days would have been to produce a big book and to have restricted its usefulness to visitors with extended leisure.

Neighbourhoods there are, entirely untouched on here, brimming over with interest of the most absorbing kind to students of the periods of Louis XIV, XV, XVI, and of the Revolution. Many of these, however, are contained within

the area habitually frequented by every visitor to Paris.

Outside the fortifications, St. Cloud, Versailles, Marley and St. Germain are easily accessible and eloquent of the past : and at greater distance Fontainebleau.

But if time can be found for only one excursion outside the walls, then to the really earnest student I would counsel a visit to the CATHEDRAL OF ST. DENIS. It is little more than four miles away : and you may elect to go by train from the gare du Nord, or by tramway from the Opera. The latter is perhaps the more convenient as it takes you to a point only about three minutes' walk from the Cathedral.



SOME DATES AND HISTORICAL LAND-MARKS

BC.

- 600. A Greek Colony founded at Marseille.
- 390. The Gauls send an expedition to Italy & burn Rome.
- 124. The Romans cross the Alps and establish the town Aquae Sextiae (Aix in Provence).
- 118. The Roman, Narbo-Marcus establishes the Colony of Narbonne.
- 59 to 50. Invasion & conquest of Gaul by Caesar.
- 50. Labienus, a Roman general of division, fighting the Parisii near their settlement on the Sequana (Seine), the Parisii burn their island stronghold, to prevent its being taken by the enemy. Labienus is hurriedly called South to help Caesar against Vercingetorix, a young Gallic chief, who had rallied the Gauls in one last ineffective effort to expel the Romans. (Paris was rebuilt a little later by the Romans.)
- 29. Augustus enters Rome as her first Emperor. Lugdunum (Lyon) selected as the capital of Gaul; and as the Residence of the Roman governor.

AD.

- 1. At the birth of Christ, Augustus is still Emperor.
- 96. Beginning of a period of prosperity in Gaul, under the six Antonines.
- 250. St. Denis preaches Christianity in Paris.
- 292. Diocletian appoints Constantius Chlorus to be his "Caesar" in the West: with authority over Gaul, Spain and Britain. It was Chlorus who built the great palace on the South bank of the Seine: part of which is still standing near the Cluny & is known as the Thermes.
- 360. Julian the Apostate, nephew of Constantine the Great, proclaimed Emperor by the Army at Lutetia (Paris).
- 395. Definite division of the Roman Empire into E & W.
- 400. Death of St. Martin, Bishop of Tours.
- 406. Great invasion of Gaul by the "Barbarians" from over the Rhine. Burgundians settle in the Jura and

valley of the Rhone : Wisigoths halt South of the Loire : Franks for the time being advance no further than Belgium. Vandals cross over the country and settle in Africa.

420. The Franks, under their chief Pharamond, advance further South.
Birth of St. Geneviève at Nanterre.
451. Attila with his Huns invades Gaul. They are defeated at Châlons-sur-Marne by the Gauls under Roman command.
481. Clovis succeeds to the kingship of the Franks. His victory over the Roman Syagrius, is the termination of the power of Rome in Gaul. Clovis restores for a time the unity of Gaul ; which at his coming, he finds peopled as follows :—Franks in Belgium ; Alamans between the Vosges and the Rhine ; Burgundians in the valley of the Rhone ; Wisigoths South of the Loire ; Armoricans in Brittany, Anjou and Maine.
496. Conversion to Christianity of Clovis and his Franks.
508. Clovis makes Paris his Capital.
509. Death of St. Geneviève.
511. Death of Clovis.
511. Childebert succeeds Clovis.
543. Childebert founds the abbey of St. Vincent (St. Germain des Prés). After Childebert's death, the Franks became divided into two great parties :—Neustrians (in the West) ; and Austrasians (in the East).
- 561 to 628. Struggle between Neustria and Austrasia. The tragedy of Frédégonde and Brunehaut.
628. Dagobert. Of the Merovings he was the last whose personal government was efficient.
He founded a Benedictine Abbey at St. Denis.
638. From this date eleven kings successively occupied the throne. Their kingship was feeble : and the " Mayors of the Palace " held the actual reins of government in Neustria and Austrasia.
687. Battle of Testry between Neustria and Austrasia. Pepin d'Héristal, mayor of the Palace of Austrasia, gained a victory over Neustria. From this time the Merovingian dynasty existed only in name. Pepin wielded absolute power over the two divisions.
716. Charles Martel succeeds his father, Pepin, as virtual Dictator of France.
741. Pépin le Bref ruled jointly with his brother Carloman

DATES AND HISTORICAL LAND-MARKS 139

747. Pépin le Bref ruled alone.
752. Pépin le Bref elected formally to the throne. Final disappearance of the Merovings.
771. Charlemagne sole king. Conquest of all Gaul, part of Italy, and of Gascony, Bavaria and Saxony.
800. Charlemagne at St. Peter's at Rome was crowned "Roman emperor of the West." So by a King of France was founded the German Empire: and Aix la Chapelle was its Capital.
The Norsemen begin to make incursions along the French coast.
814. Louis le Débonnaire succeeds his father, Charlemagne.
840. Charles le Chauve. Beginning of the dissolution of the kingdom by the establishment of independent Feudal Chiefs. The Country is ravaged by Saracens and Normans.
884. Charles le Gros.
886. Siege of Paris by the Normans. Paris is defended by Bishop Gozlin and the governor, Eudes. Charles buys from the Normans a disgraceful Peace.
887. Charles deposed. The empire definitively disrupted and divided into seven independent States:—France, Provence, Burgundy, Navarre, Lorraine, Germany and Italy.
887. Eudes (till then governor of Paris) is proclaimed by the seigneurs, King of France.
912. Creation of the Duchy of Normandy by Charles the Simple, and its cession to the Normans.
956. Death of Hugh le Grand, Duc de France et Comte de Paris, nephew of Eudes. Hugh had been virtual ruler of France for twenty years. His eldest son, Hugh Capet, succeeds him as Duc de France: and continues the work of his father, allowing only the title of King to the last two Carloving kings, Lothaire & Louis V.
987. Hugh Capet elected to the throne. Fall of the Carloving dynasty. King Hugh fixes his residence at Paris; which continues henceforth to be the Capital. Hugh appropriates as his residence the palace on the island of the city, where Eudes had lived. About this period the "Dark Ages" may be said to merge gradually into the "Middle Ages."
996. Robert the Pious. The approach of the year 1000 is regarded with terror by the populace, as being the appointed time for the destruction of the

world. Numerous churches are built in propitiation. Robert enlarges the palace on the island.

1031. Henri I.

1060. Philippe I. Kingdom of "The two Sicilies" founded by the Normans.

1066. England conquered by the Duke of Normandy.

1096. The first Crusade.

1108. Louis VI. Le Gros. Beginning of rivalry between France and England.

1163. Foundation of Notre Dame.

1180. Philippe Auguste.

1189. Third Crusade.

1199. Death of Richard Cœur de Lion.

During this reign, the old castle of "The Louvre" was begun, and the Wall of Paris thrown further out.

1226. Louis IX. (Saint Louis). Regency of Blanche of Castille until 1236.

The king built Sainte Chapelle. Notre Dame was completed. Foundation of "The Sorbonne." Creation of the first Mayor of Paris (Prévôt des Marchands).

1282. "Sicilian Vespers."

1285. Philippe IV. Le Bel. War in Flanders.

1312. Abolition of the "Knights Templar."

1328. Philippe VI. de Valois. The claim of Edward III of England to the throne of France rejected.

1338. Beginning of the "Hundred Years War," lasting nearly 115 years—until 1453.

1346. "Crécy."

1347. Capture of Calais by Edward III. (Held for more than two centuries).

1356. "Poitiers."

Etienne Marcel, Prévôt des Marchands, begins the fourth Wall of Paris on the North bank.

1357. The Citizens' Council transferred to the "Maison aux Piliers" (Town Hall) on the Place de Grève, where now stands the Hôtel-de-Ville.

1364. Charles V. Le Sage.

Charles built "The Bastille" and the "Hôtel St. Paul;" enlarged and altered "The Louvre;" and gave up to the parliament the old palace in the city, which now became exclusively the "Palais de Justice."

1380. Charles VI. Insurrection of the "Maillotins" in Paris.

DATES AND HISTORICAL LAND-MARKS 141

- 1405. Building of the "Tour de Jean-sans-Peur."
- 1407. Assassination of the Duke of Orleans by Jean-sans-Peur, duke of Burgundy. Charles d'Orléans, son of the murdered duke, marries the daughter of the Count of Armagnac: and France is riven into two armed factions—Burgundians and Armagnacs.
- 1415. "Agincourt."
- 1419. Jean-sans-Peur assassinated at the interview at the Bridge of Montereau, by friends of the Dauphin.
- 1420. Henry V of England is declared Regent and heir to the crown of France.
- 1422. Death of the two kings, Charles VI. & Henry V.
- 1422. Charles VII.
- 1429. Joan of Arc relieves Orléans, and conducts the king to Reims.
- 1431. Death of Joan of Arc.
- 1437. Charles VII makes his triumphal entry into Paris.
- 1453. The English lose all French possessions except Calais.
- 1461. Louis XI. Struggle between the Crown and the Vassals, notably with:—the dukes of Burgundy, Orléans, Anjou, Bourbon, and Brittany.
- 1468. Treaty of Péronne with Charles le Téméraire, the last Duke of Burgundy.
- 1477. Charles le Téméraire killed at the siege of Nancy. The king seized the Duchy. But Marie, the heir marries Maximilien of Austria, who claims his wife's heritage. Years afterwards, the son of Marie and Maximilien marries the heir to Castille and Arragon: and their grandson, Charles Quint, inherits a colossal empire, which menaces the independence of Europe. And so comes about the rivalry of the Houses of France and Austria.
- 1483. Charles VIII, aged 13 years, succeeds Louis XI. His sister, Anne of Beaujeu, Regent.
- 1491. Charles marries Anne of Brittany.
- 1494. Beginning of the Wars in Italy.
- 1498. Death of Charles by accident at Amboise. No issue. In this reign the Hôtel Cluny was finished.
- 1498. Louis XII. (Père de Peuple.) Duke of Orléans, grandson of the duke assassinated in 1407. Louis marries Anne of Brittany, Charles' widow.
- 1500. Conquest of Milan. Ludovic Sforza, duke of Milan, taken prisoner to Loches.

Bayard, Chevalier " Sans Peur et sans Reproche " fighting for France in the Italian Wars.

1515. Francis I. (Father of Letters).

1516. End of the Italian Wars.

THE RENAISSANCE.

Rivalry of Francis & Charles Quint in their pretensions to the imperial crown.

1520. " The Field of the Cloth of Gold."

1521-26. 1527-29. 1536-38. 1542-44. Wars with Charles Quint.

1547. Death of Francis I. During his reign, the " Collège de France " was founded. The " Hôtel de Ville " in Paris was begun. The present Louvre commenced.

1547. Henri II. He continued the struggle with Charles Quint : but, concerning himself with Italy no more, he set himself to enlarge the frontier in the direction of the Rhine.

1556. Abdication of Charles Quint.

1558. Calais retaken from English after 210 years.

1559. End of the first rivalry between France & Austria. Death of Henri II, mortally wounded at a tournament in the court of the Palace of the Tournelles—now the " Place des Vosges."

Work on the Louvre progressing.

Ceremonial stone of " St. Eustache " laid in Paris.

1559. Francis II.

The " House of Guise " was the chief of the Catholic party. This House was represented by two brothers & their niece :—

François, Duc de Guise :

Charles, Cardinal of Lorraine.

Marie Stuart, Queen of France and of Scotland.

The " House of Bourbon," descending from the sixth son of Saint Louis, represented by three brothers :—

Antoine de Bourbon, king of Navarre : whose son afterwards became Henry IV of France :

Louis, Prince de Condé, Chief of the Protestants.

Charles, Cardinal de Bourbon.

1560. " Conjuration d'Amboise." Louis, prince de Condé made prisoner. Death of François II.

1560. Charles IX ten years old.

Catherine de Médicis, Regent, set at liberty the Duc

DATES AND HISTORICAL LAND-MARKS 143

- de Condé ; and conciliated the King of Navarre, by making him " Lieutenant General of France."
1562. Beginning of the Civil War between Protestants and Catholics, which lasted thirty six years.
1563. Siege of Orléans. Assassination of François de Guise, who left three sons :—
 Henri, Duc de Guise :
 Cardinal de Lorraine :
 Duc de Mayenne.
1569. Assassination of Louis, prince de Condé.
1572. Massacre of Saint Bartholomew, 24 August.
1574. Henri III, brother of Charles IX, & Duc d'Anjou. " The League : " its chief, Henri, Duc de Guise (le Balafre), son of the murdered François. " Le Balafre " is so popular as to be a dangerous rival to Henri III.
1588. " Journée des Barricades." The Duc de Guise comes to Paris in defiance of the king's command. The populace receives him with enthusiasm. The king leaves Paris secretly.
1588. Assembly of the States General at Blois. Assassination of Henri Duc de Guise and of his brother the Cardinal de Lorraine, in the Château at Blois. The " Leaguers " declare the throne vacant. The King lays siege to Paris.
1589. Assassination of Henri III at St. Cloud by Jacques Clément. During Henri III's reign, the Pont Neuf begun.
1589. Henri IV. The " Leaguers " refuse to acknowledge him on account of his Protestantism. Henri is refused entrance to Paris : takes his small army to Normandy, where he captures Dieppe.
1589. Victory over the Duc de Mayenne at the Battle of Arques.
1590. Battle of Ivry, gained over the Duc de Mayenne. Siege of Paris by the King, relieved by a Spanish Army.
1592. Siege of Rouen, also relieved by a Spanish Army.
1593. Abjuration by the King.
1594. Entry of Henri IV into Paris. Sully Minister.
1598. Edict of Nantes. End of the " War of Religion."
1610. Assassination of Henri IV in the rue de la Ferronnerie. During his reign, the Pont Neuf & Hôtel de Ville completed : construction of the " Place Royale " (Place des Vosges) & " Place Dauphine."

1610. Louis XIII, son of Henri IV and Marie de Médicis, was ten years old. Marie de Médicis, Regent, was much influenced by her Minister, Concini, the Florentine. The child-king affianced to the infant Anne of Austria.
1617. Assassination of Concini on the Pont Neuf.
- 1624-1642. Ministry of Richelieu.
- 1618-1648. "The Thirty-Years' War:" at once religious and political. The Protestant Princes fought for their religion & their independence against the House of Austria.
1642. Death of Richelieu: succeeded by Mazarin.
1643. Death of Louis XIII. During his reign, the present "Bibliothèque Nationale" was begun as a palace for Mazarin. The "Palais du Luxembourg" erected by Marie de Médicis. The present "Palais Royal," built by Richelieu as a residence for himself. Anne of Austria builds "Val de Grace." "St. Eustache" finished. The Pont Marie erected. The "Académie Française" founded. The Island of St. Louis first built upon. The Fortifications thrown further out.
1643. Louis XIV. "Le grand Monarque." Five years old. The Queen-Mother, Anne of Austria, Regent. Mazarin Minister.
1643. The Prince de Condé, later known as "Le grand Condé," at the age of 21, wins the Battle of Rocroy in the Ardennes, defeating the Old Spanish Infantry.
1648. Treaty of Westphalia closes the "Thirty-Years' War" much in favour of the Bourbons.
- "The Old Fronde:" Condé Royalist.
1649. "The Young Fronde:" Condé Rebel.
1659. Treaty of the Pyrenees concluded by Mazarin with Spain.
1660. Louis, 21 years old, marries Marie-Thérèse, daughter of Philip IV, king of Spain.
1661. Death of Mazarin. The king, 22 years old, announces his intention of governing alone. "L'Etat, c'est moi!"
1662. Colbert appointed Minister of Finance.
- 1667-68. War with Flanders.
- 1672-1678. War with Holland. This period marks the apogee of Louis' power and influence.
1685. Revocation of the edict of Nantes.
- 1700-1713. "War of the Spanish Succession."
1704. Capture of Gibraltar by England. "Blenheim."

DATES AND HISTORICAL LAND-MARKS 145

- 1706 " Ramillies." 1708. " Oudenarde." 1709. " Malplaquet."
- 1711. Peace with England, who retires from the contest.
- 1713. Treaty of Utrecht terminates the war.
- 1715. Death of Louis XIV, aged 75. He reigned 70 years. To this period Paris owes the " Porte St. Martin," " Porte St. Denis," " Place Vendôme," " Place du Carrousel," and the " Colonnade of the Louvre." The " Marais " was being deserted by the nobility, who went over the river to the St. Germain Quarter.
- 1715. Louis XV, grandson of Louis XIV : aged five years.
- 1715-1723. Regent, Philippe d'Orléans, the king's great uncle.
- 1723. Death of the Regent. The King marries Marie Leczinska, daughter of Stanislas, the dethroned king of Poland.
- 1733-1735. War of the Succession of Poland.
- 1741-1748. War of the Succession of Austria.
- 1745. " Fontenoy : " victory of Maurice de Saxe.
- 1756-1763. " The Seven Years' War."
- 1766. Reunion of Lorraine with France.
- 1768. France buys Corsica from the Republic of Genoa.
- 1769. Birth of Napoleon Bonaparte at Ajaccio.
- 1772. First division of Poland between Russia, Austria & Prussia.
- 1774. Death of Louis XV. To his period belong :—The church of St. Sulpice : " Place Louis XV " (Place de la Concorde) : Church of St. Geneviève (now Panthéon) : " Les Invalides : " " Collège Mazarin " (now Institut de France) : " Palais Bourbon " (now Chambre des Députés).
- 1774. Louis XVI, grandson of Louis XV. Aged 20 years.
- 1775-1783. English and American War.
- 1776. Declaration of American Independence.
- 1777. France joins America against England.
- 1779. Spain joins France and besieges Gibraltar for 3 years.
- 1782. Rodney defeats the French Fleet on its way to Jamaica.
- 1782. Howe raises the siege of Gibraltar.
- 1783. Peace of Versailles. Spain gains Minorca and Florida. England acknowledges the Independence of the United States of America.
- 1789. Convocation of the States General.
- 1789. REVOLUTION !

INDEX

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>Abélard and Héloïse, site of house of, 29</p> <p>Amphithéâtre de Médecine, ancien, 57</p> <p>Amphithéâtre de Chirurgie, ancien, 79</p> <p>Arènes de Lutèce, 62</p> <p>Avenue des Gobelins, 64</p> <p>Bibliothèque Sainte Geneviève, 72</p> <p>Boulevard Henri Quatre, 31</p> <p> " du Palais, 18</p> <p> " Port-Royal, 64</p> <p> " Saint Germain, 58, 90</p> <p> " Saint Michel, 54, 73</p> <p>Café Voltaire, 81</p> <p>Carrefour de l'Odéon, 80</p> <p>Chapel of Marie de Médicis, 83</p> <p>Church of St. Etienne du Mont, 72</p> <p> " St. Eustache, 130</p> <p> " St. Germain l'Auxerrois, 14, 96</p> <p> " St. Germain des Prés, 87</p> <p> " St. Gervais, 15, 27, 39</p> <p> " St. Jacques-du-Haut-Pas, 66</p> <p> " St. Julien-le-Pauvre, 56</p> <p> " St. Louis, 32</p> | <p>Church of St. Martin-des-Champs, 123</p> <p> " St. Mary, 45</p> <p> " St. Médard, 64</p> <p> " St. Merri, 113</p> <p> " St. Nicolas-des-Champs, 122</p> <p> " St. Nicolas-du-Chardonnet, 60</p> <p> " St. Paul, 44</p> <p> " St. Séverin, 54</p> <p> " St. Sulpice, 83</p> <p> " Val-de-Grace, 65</p> <p>Clisson, Porte, 108</p> <p>Cloister of the Billettes, 112</p> <p>Collège de France, 74</p> <p>Colonne de Juillet (Bastille), 32, 45</p> <p> " de l'Hôtel de Cathérine de Médicis, 133</p> <p>Compas d'Or, Auberge du, 125</p> <p>Conciergerie, 16</p> <p>Cour du Commerce, 91</p> <p> " du Dragon, 85</p> <p> " de Mai, 19</p> <p> " des Miracles, site of, 124</p> <p> " de Rouen, 91</p> <p>Ecole de Médecine, 80</p> <p>Fontaine des Innocents, 117</p> <p> " de la Victoire, 35</p> <p>Halles, Les, 119, 129</p> <p>Hôpital Cochin, 64</p> |
|---|--|

- Hôtel Beauvais, 40
 „ de Bourgogne, 128
 „ Carnavalet, 104
 „ Cluny, 78
 „ Dieu, 26
 „ Fieubet, 51
 „ d'Hercule, 92
 „ de Hollande, 100
 „ Lambert, 32
 „ Lamoignon, 106
 „ de Mayenne, 44
 „ de Rohan, 102
 „ de St. Aignan, 111
 „ de Sens, 41
 „ Salé, 103
 „ Soubise, 107
 „ Sully, 50
 „ de Ville, 15, 38
 Hugo, Residence of Victor, 50
 Ile de la Cité, 11
 „ Saint Louis, 27, 29
 Institut de France, 14, 90, 94
 Louvre, Palais du, 14, 95
 Luxembourg, Palais du, 82
 Lycée Henri Quatre, 72
 Marché des Patriarches, 63
 Musée du Luxembourg, 83
 Marais, The, 35, 99
 Notre Dame, Cathedral of,
 22, 23, 24
 Odéon, Théâtre, 80, 82
 Palais de Justice, 15, 16, 19
 Panthéon, The, 69
 Passage des Patriarches, 63
 Place de la Bastille, 45
 „ du Caire, 124
 „ du Châtelet, 15, 35
 „ Dauphine, 15
 „ de l'Hôtel-de-Ville, 38
 Place Maubert, 59
 „ Monge, 63
 „ de l'Odéon, 81
 „ du Parvis-Notre-Dame,
 22
 „ St. Germain, 87
 „ St. Michel, 53
 „ de la Sorbonne, 73
 „ St. Sulpice, 83
 „ des Vosges, 48
 Pont d'Arcole, 29
 „ des Arts, 14, 94
 „ du Carrousel, 14
 „ au Change, 15, 16, 18
 „ Louis-Philippe, 34
 „ Marie, 33
 „ Neuf, 13
 „ Petit, 23
 „ Royal, 14
 „ St. Louis, 27
 „ St. Michel, 22
 „ Sully, 31
 „ de la Tournelle, 30
 Quai d'Anjou, 32
 „ de Béthune, 31
 „ Bourbon, 33
 „ des Célestins, 44, 51
 „ Conti, 93
 „ aux Fleurs, 28
 „ des Grands-Augustins,
 92
 „ de l'Horloge, 16
 „ de l'Hôtel-de-Ville, 34
 „ du Louvre, 95
 „ du Marché Neuf, 22
 „ d'Orléans, 30
 Réfectoire des Bernardins, 62
 „ des Cordeliers, 80
 „ de St. Martin-des-
 Champs, 123
 Roman wall, site of, 28
 Rue de l'Ancienne-Comédie,
 90

Rue des Anglais, 57
 „ des Archives, 108, 112
 „ Aubrey-le-Boucher, 119
 „ de l'Ave-Maria, 42
 „ des Barres, 40
 „ Beautrellis, 51
 „ Berger, 119
 „ des Blancs-Manteaux,
 111
 „ Bonaparte, 85
 „ de Briague, 50
 „ de Brosse, 40
 „ de la Bûcherie, 57
 „ du Caire, 124
 „ Chanoinesse, 27
 „ Charles V, 51
 „ du Cloître-Notre-Dame,
 27
 „ Clotilde, 72
 „ Clovis, 72
 „ de la Colombe, 28
 „ des Coutures-St.-Ger-
 vais, 103
 „ Cujas, 72
 „ Damiette, 124
 „ Daubenton, 63
 „ des Deux-Ponts, 31
 „ de l'Echaudé, 90
 „ de l'Ecole-de-Médecine,
 79
 „ des Ecoles, 62, 74
 „ de l'Eperon, 92
 „ Etienne-Marcel, 126
 „ Férou, 83
 „ de la Ferronnerie, 116
 „ du Figuier, 41
 „ Française, 126, 129
 „ François-Miron, 40
 „ des Francs-Bourgeois,
 105, 107
 „ Gay-Lussac, 66
 „ des Grands-Augustins,
 92
 „ de Grégoire-de-Tours,
 90

Rue Grenier-sur-l'Eau, 40
 „ de Harlay, 16
 „ des Haudriettes, 110
 „ de l'Hôtel-Colbert, 57
 „ des Innocents, 118
 „ du Jardinnet, 92
 „ des Jardins, 42
 „ Jouy, 41
 „ Lagrange, 57
 „ des Lions, 51
 „ du Louvre, 95
 „ Marie-Stuart, 126
 „ Massillon, 27
 „ Monge, 62
 „ Montorgeuil, 125
 „ Mouffetard, 63
 „ de Navarre, 62
 „ de l'Odéon, 80
 „ Oblin, 133
 „ du Parc-Royal, 104
 „ du Pas-de-la-Mule, 48
 „ Pavée, 105
 „ Payenne, 104
 „ du Petit-Musc, 44, 51
 „ du Petit-Pont, 55
 „ de la Petite-Boucherie,
 90
 „ des Petits-Carreaux, 125
 „ de Poissy, 60
 „ du Pont-de-Lodi, 92
 „ Poullétier, 32
 „ Quincampoix, 119
 „ Rambuteau, 111
 „ Réaumur, 123
 „ du Renard, 112
 „ Rotrou, 82
 „ St. André-des-Arts, 92
 „ St. Antoine, 44, 50
 „ St. Bon, 113
 „ St. Denis, 116
 „ St. Jacques, 55, 65
 „ St. Julien-le-Pauvre, 56
 „ St. Louis, 32
 „ St. Martin, 113, 121
 „ St. Paul, 44, 51

Rue St. Séverin, 54
 „ de Seine, 90
 „ de Sévigné, 104
 „ Soufflot, 66
 „ du Sommerard, 77
 „ du Temple, 110
 „ de Thorigny, 103
 „ Tiquetonne, 126
 „ des Tournelles, 48
 „ de Tournon, 82
 „ de Turbigo, 129
 „ des Ursins, 28
 „ de Vaugirard, 82
 „ de Venise, 120
 „ de la Verrerie, 112
 „ de Viarmes, 133
 „ Vieille-du-Temple, 100

Sainte Chapelle, 20

„ Geneviève, 67

Sorbonne, The, 73

Square des-Arts-et-Métiers,
 123

Square des Innocents, 117

„ Monge, 62

Statue of Augier, 81

„ Beaumarchais, 47

„ Charlemagne, 26

„ Dante, 74

„ Danton, 80, 90

„ Diderot, 87

„ Dolet, 60

„ Etienne Marcel, 39

„ Henri Quatre, 13

„ Louis XIV, 104

„ Pascal, 38

„ Ricord, 64

„ Villon, 62

Thermes, Palais des, 77

Tour de Clovis, 68

„ de l'Horloge, 18

„ St. Jacques, 15, 18, 36

„ de Jean-sans-Peur, 126

Tourelle de 1528, 100

235
11/25

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